

THE
F A Y R E
MAIDE OF THE
EXCHANGE:

TOGETHER,
WITH THE MERRY
HUMOVRS, AND PLEA-
SANT PASSAGES OF
THE CIVILE OF
FANCHURCH.

Furnished with varietie of dele-
table Mirth.



LONDON.

Printed by J. L. and are to be sold at the signe of
the Organ-bowle in Pauls Church-yard,
1695.

НЯУАТ
МАДЕОФТЕ
ХОДИАНОВ

ЛЕНТЕОУ
СИМФОНИЯ
ХУМОРА, АНД ТІЛЕ
САНДІСАГЕРС ОІ
Хори фугитів
Гумористичні



БІБЛІОТЕКА
САНДІСАГЕРС

Eleauen may easilly acte this
Comedy.

Berry an old man	} for one.
Bobbington	
Gardiner	} for one.
Officers	
Mall Berry	} for one.
Flower an humorist	
Bennet	} for one.
Scarlet	
Ralph	} for one.
Cripple	
Barnard	} for one.
Flowers wif	
Vrtilia	} for one.
Boy	
Anthony Golding	} for one.
gentlemen	
Ferdin. Gold. gen	} for one.
and Wood.	
Frankie Golding	} for one.
gentlemen.	
Bowdler an humorist	} for one.
rom gallant.	
Whilis the faire	} for one.
Maids.	
Fiddle the Clowns.	} for one.

• VICTORIA

Prologus.

THe humble Socke that true Comedians weare,
Our Muse hath don'd, and to your fav'ring eyes,
In lowest Plaines-song doth her fitt apparel,
Borrowing no colour from a quondam blithe,
If your faire fauours can her fitt apparel,
She to the highest pitch her wings shall rearre,
And proude quothurnicke action shall denie,
To win your sweete applause the dresses so deare.

Mean while shone vp our tender pamping twig,
That yet on humble ground doth lowly lie,
Your fauours sunne-shine gilding once this sprig,
It may yeild *Nectar* for the godden hie:

Though our Invention lame, imperfecte be,
Yet give the Cripple-sime for charkie.

The faire Maide of the Exchange.

Scene. I.

Enter *Scarles* and *Bobbington*.



VEN now the well-come twi-light
doth salute
Th'approaching night, clad in blacke
fable weedes.
Blacke as my thoughts, that harbour
nought but death,
Thefts, murthers, rapes and such like
damned actes,

The infant babes to whom my soule is nurse:
Come *Bobbington*, this starre-bespangled skie
Bodeth some good, the wether's faire and dry.

Bob. My scarlet-hearted *Scarles*, galland blood,
Whose bloody deeds are worthy memorie
Of after ages, let me imbrace thee: so,
So, now me thinkes I fold a richer iemme,
Than wealthy *Indias* can afford to *Spaine*:
There lies my treasure, and within thy armes
Securitie that never breedeth harmes.

Scar. Brane resolution, I am powde to see
So sweet a graft vpon a worme-wood tree,
Whose iuyce is gall, but yet the fruite most rare:
Who wreakes the tree, if that the fruite be faire?
Therefore resolute, if we a booty get,
It bootes not whence, from whom, when, where, or what.

Bob. Well (God forgiue vs) heere lets take our stands,
We must haue gold although we haue no lands.

The faire Maide

Enter *Philis* and *Ursula*.

Phil. Stay *Ursula*, haue you those suites of Ruffes,
Those stomachers, and that fine peece of Lawne,
Marck'd with the Letters C C. and S.

Ursula. I haue.

Phil. If your forgetfullnesse cause any defect,
You'r like to pay for't, therefore looke vnto it.

Ursula. I would our journey had as safe an end,
As I am sure my Ladies ruffes are heere,
And other wares which she bespake of you.

Phil. Tis good; but stay, give me thy hand my girle,
Tis somewhat darke, come, let vs helpe each other:
She past her word one of her gentlemen
Should meet vs at the bridge, and that's not farre,
I mfe they are not come, I doe assure thee,
Were I not much beholding to her Ladiship
For many kindneses: *Miles-end*, should stand
This gloomic night vnauisited for vs.
But come, me thinkes I may discerne the bridge,
And see a man or two, in very deed
Her word, her loue and all is honourable.

Bob. A prize yong *Scarlet*, Oh, a gallant prize,
And we are Pirots that will seaze the fame
To our owne vies.

Scar. But hold man, not too fast:
As farre as I can gather by their words,
They take vs for my Ladies Gentlemen,
Who as it seemes should meet them on their way,
Then if thou saidst the word we cle feeme those men,
And by those meanes withdraw them from their way,
Where we may rifle them of what they carry,
I meane, both goods, and their virginitie.

Bob. Tis well aduise, but *Scarlet*, give me leaue
To play the Gentleman and welcome them.

Scar. Inioy thy wish.

Bob. Welcome you sacred starres,
That add bright glory to the sable night.

Scar. Excellent, by heauen.

Bob.

of the Exchange.

Bob. I am sorry your beaurie's so discomfited,
Treading so many tedious weary steps,
And we not present to affociate you.

Scar. Oh, blessed Bobbington.

Phil. Sir, I doe thanke you for this taken paines,
That as your worthy Lady promise me,
We now injoy your wished companie.

Scar. Shee's thine owne boy, I warrant thee.

Bob. And I am proud, too proud of this imployement,
Come M. Scarles take you that pretie sweet,
You see my Ladies care; she promise me one
But hath sent two.

Phil. Tis honourably done.

Bob. This is your way.

Phil. That way, alas sir no.

Bob. Come, it is: nay then it shall be so.

Phil. What meane you Gentlemen?

Vrsu. O he will rob me.

Phil. Looke to the boxe *Vrsula*.

Phil. & *Vrsu.* Helpe, helpe, murther, murther.

Enter the Cripple.

Crip. Now you supporters of decrepitate youth,
That mount this substance twixt faire heauen and earth,
Be strong to beare that huge deformitie,
And be my hands as nimble to direct them,
As your desires to waft mee hence to London.

Phil. & *Vrsu.* Helpe, helpe, heele rauish me.

Crip. My thinkes I heare the sound of rauishment.

Phil. & *Vrsu.* Helpe, helpe.

Crip. Marry and will, knew I but where, and how:
What do I see?

Theeues full of lust beset virginitie!
Now stirre thee cripple, and of thy foure legs
Make vse of one, to doe a virgin good:
Hence rauening curres: what, are you at a prey?
Will nothing satisfie your greedy chappes
But virgins flesh? Ile teach you prey on cartion, *Fight & bears*
Packe damned rauishers, hence villaines. *them away.*

Phil.

The faire Maide

Phil. Thankes,honest friend, who from the gates of death
Hath set our virgin soules at libertie.

Crip. Give God the glory that gau me the power.

Phil. I doe, kinde Sir, and think my selfe much bound
To him above, to thee that treads this ground,
And for this aid, Ile euer honour thee ;
My honor you haue sau'd redeem'd it home ;
Which wer't not done, by this time had beene gone.

Crip. Hereafter more of this ; but tell me now
The cause of these events, the cfft &c, and how.

Phil. Ile tell you sir ; but let vs leaue this place,
And onward on our way.

Enter Scarle and Bobbington.

Bob. It shall be so, see where they walke along,
Ile crosse the other way and meet them full,
Keape thou this way, and when thou hearest vs chat,
Come thou behinde him snatch away his crutches,
And then thou knowst he needs must fall to ground,
And what shall follow leaue the rest to mee. *Exit. Bob.*

Scar. About it then.

Crip. Y faith she is an honourable Lady,
And I much wonder that her Ladiship
Gives intartine to such bad men as these.

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. Stand thou that haft more legs than nature gaue thee.

Crip. Mongrell, ile choose.

Scar. Then go to sir, you shall.

All, All. Murder,murder.

Enter Frank Goulding.

Frank. Stay there my horie ;
Whence comes this eccho of extreamitie ?

All. Helpe, helpe.

Frank. What doe I heare, a virgin call for helpe ?
Hands off dam'nd vilaines, or by heaven I sweare,
Ile send you all to hell. *Fight and drivis them away.*

Crip. Hold, forbear.
I came in rescue of Virginitie.

Phil. He did, he did, and freed vs once from thrall.

But

of the Exchange.

But now the second time they wrought his fall.

Frank. Now you distrest objects, do you tell
Upon what mount of woe your sorrowes dwell.

Phil. First get we hence away, and as we goe,
Kinde gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

Crip. Thanks worthy sir, may but the Cripcke,
Of power to gratifie this courtesie,
I then shall thinke the heauens fauour me.

Phil. No more now for Gods sake, let vs hence.

Crip. If I doe line, your loue Ile recompence.

Exeunt.

Enter Mall Barrie.

Mall. Now for my true-loues hand-kercher these flowers
Are pretie toyes, are very pretie toyes :
O but me thinks the Peascod would doe better,
The Peascod and the Blossome, wonderfull !
Now as I live, ile surely haue it so.
Some maides will chuse the Gilliflower, some the Rose,
Because their sweet cents doe delight the nose,
But very fooles they are in my opinion,
The very worst being drawnen by cunning art,
Seemes in the eye as pleasant to the heart.
But heer's the question, whether my loue or no
Will seeme content? I, there the game doth goe :
And yet ile pawne my head he will applaude
The Peascod and the flower, my pretie choice.
For what is he louing a thing in heart,
Loues not the counterfeit, though made by art ?
I cannot tell how others fancie stand,
But I reioyce sometime to take in hand,
The simile of that I loue, and I protest,
That pretie pescod lik smy humor best.
But ile vnto the Drawers, heele counsell me,
Heere is the shope: alas, what shall I doe?
Hee's not within, now all my labor's lost,
See, see, how forward loue is euer crost,
But stay, what Gallant's this?

The faire Maide

Enter M. Bowdler.

Bow. A plague on this Drawer, he's nearer at home:
Good morrow sweet-heart, tell me, how thou dost?

Mall. Upon what acquaintance? (say, Amen.

Bow. That's all one, once I love thee, give me thy hand and

Mall. Hands off, sir Knave, and weare it for a favor.

Bowd. What dost thou meane thy love pretie foole?

Mall. No foole, the knave, O grosie;

A gentleman and of so shallow wit!

Bowd. I know thou carst to the Drawer.

Mall. How then?

Bowd. Am not I the propperer man?

Mall. Yes, to make an asse on.

Bowd. Will you get vp and ride?

Mall. No, ile lackey by his side, and whip the asse.

Bowd. Come, come, leue your iesling, I shall put you down.

Mall. With that face I away you want-wit.

Bowd. By this hand, I shall.

Mall. By the asse-head you shall not.

Bowd. Go to, you are a woman.

Mall. Come, come, ye are a man.

Bowd. I haue scene as faire.

Mall. I haue heard as wife.

Bowd. As faire as Mall Berry.

Mall. As wife as yong Bowdler. Bowd. As M. Bowdler.

Mall. Hoida; come vp. Bowd. Go thou down then.

Mall. No good asse, bate an asse of that.

Enter Barnard.

Ber. What M. Bowdler, will it nere be otherwise?
Still, still a hunting, every day wenching?

Bowd. Faith sir, the modest behauor of this Gentlewoman,
Hath infiuated my company.

Mall. Lord, how eloquence flows in this Gentleman!

Bowd. Faith, I shall put you downe in talke, you were best

Mall. No sir, I will hold out as long as I may, (to yeeld.
Though in the end you beare the foole away.

Bowd. Meane you by me? you gull me not?

Mall. Noby this night, not I.

Bowd.

of the Exchange.

Bowd. For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.

Mall. Yea, I dare sware you're goe a foole to bed.

Bowd. Meane you by me? you gull me not?

Bar. No, I dare sware the Gentlewoman meane well.

Mall. And so I doe indeed, himselfe can tell:

But this it is, speake Maidens what they will,

Men are so captious the'le euer confster ill.

Barn. To her fir, to her, I dare sware she loves you:

Bowd. Well then faire *Mall*, you loue me as you say.

Mall. I never made you promise, did I, I pray?

Bowd. All in good time you will doe, else you lie,

Will you not?

Mall. No for sooth not I.

Bowd. Barnard, shee gullies me still:

Barn. Tis but your mis-coneeit, try her againe:

You know by course all women must be coy,

To her againe, then she may happily yeeld.

Not I, in faith.

Mall. Then mine shall be the field:

Wisedome, adue, once more faint heart farewell;

Yet if thou seest the Drawer, I prethee tell him,

Mall Berry hath more worke for him to doe,

And for your selfe, learne this when you doe woe,

Arme you with courage, and with good take heede,

For he that spares to speake must spare to speede,

And so farewell.

Exit.

Bowd. Call her againe, *Barnard*.

Barn. Shee's too swift for me:

Why this is the right course of gallerie,

What did you meane hauing so faire an aime

So fondly to let slip so faire a game?

Bowdler, become a man for maides will stand,

And then strike home, art thou not yong and lusty,

The minion of delight, faire from thy birth,

Adonis play-pheere, and the pride of earth?

Bowd. I know it, but a kind of honest blood

Tilts in my loynes, with wanton appetites,

She bade me doe a message to the Drawer,

And

The faire Maide

And I will doe it ; there will come a day,
When *Hunstry Bawdler*, will keepe holiday ;
Then *Mal* looke to your selfe, see that you be sped,
Or by this light Ile haue your maideshead.

Lars. Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentleman, spoke
like your selfe :
Now doe I see some sparkes of manhood in you,
Keepe in that key, keepe in the selfe same song,
Ile gage my head youle haue her loue ere long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Franks.

Frank. Wilt thou not tell me (brother *Ferdinand*)
Now by this light Ile haunt thee like a sprite,
Vntill I know whence springs this melancholy.

Ferd. O brother !
Thou art too yong to reach the depth of griesse,
That is immur'd within my hearts deepe closet,
A thousand fighes keepe daily centinell,
That beate like whirle-winds all my comfort backe,
As many sobbes guard my distressed heart,
That no relieve comes neare to ayde my soule,
Millions of woes like bands of armed men,
Stop vp the passage of my sweete relieve :
And art thou then perswaded that my wordes,
Can any comfort to my soule afford ?
No, no good *Franks*, deere brother then forbeare,
Vnlesse with griefe in me yoake take a share.

Frans. Griefe me no grieses, but tell me what it is
Makes my (sweete *Ferdinand*) thus passionate :
Ile coniure griefe, if griefe be such an euill,
In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Deuill.

Ferd. Wilt thou not leane me to my selfe alone ?

Frans. Brother, you know my minde,
If you will leaue your dumpish melancholy,
And like my selfe banish that peeling humour,
Or satisfie my exspectation,
By telling whence your sorrow doth proccede

I will

of the Exchange.

I will not onely cease to trouble you;
But like a true skilfull Phisition,
Secke all good meanes for your recoverie.

Fer. Well brother, you haue much importun'd me.
And for the confidence I haue in you,
That youl proue secret, I will now vnfold,
The loade of care that prelseth downe my soule:
Know then good *Frank*, loue is the cauise hereof.

Frank. How, loue? why what's that loue?

Ford. A child, a little little boy thats blind.

Frank. And be ore-come by him! plag'd by him!
Driven into dumps by him! put downe by a boy!
Master'd by loue? O, I am mad for anger:
By a Boy! is there no rosemary and bayes in England
To whip the Ape? by a boy!

Ford. I, such a boy as thou canst never see,
And yet ere long mayst feele his tyrranie:
Hee's not visible, yet aimes at the heart,
Woe be to those that feele his wounding dart;
And one of them I am. Wounded so deepe,
That in my passions I no meane can keepe:
Unhappy time, woe to that dismall houre,
When loue did wound me with faire *Phillis* flowre:
O *Phillis*, *Phillis*; of flowers sweetest flower,
That euer garnish'd any princely bower:
Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne're remoue,
Till I inioy faire *Phillis* for my loue.

Exe.

Frank. Whats heere? *Phillis* and loue; and loue and *Phillis*?
I haue seene *Phillis*, and haue heard of loue;
I will see *Phillis*, and will heare of loue:
But neither *Phillis*, nor the power of loue,
Shall make me bond-slave to a womans becke.

Enter *Anthony*.

Who's heere, my second brother male-content?
Ile stand aside and note his passions.

Ans. O loue, that I had never knowne thy power.

Frank. More louers yet! what the deall is this loue?

The faire Maide

Amb. That these my wandring eyes had kept their raps,
That I my selfe had still beepe like my selfe ;
That my poore heart had never fel the wound,
Whose anguith keepes me in a deadly bound :
Oh how deluding dreames this night ore-past,
Drench'd my sad soule in pleasures floting sea !
Me thought I clasp'd my loue within my armes,
And circling her, sau'd her from threatening harmes :
Me thought there came an hundred in an houre
That sought to rob me of my sweetest flower :
But like a champion I did keepe her still
Within this circle, free from every ill :
But when I wak'd and misld my *Phillis* there,
All my sweete ioyes converted into feare.

Frank. What brother ~~and~~ knowest at prayers so hard ?
Tell me what saint it is thou innocates ?
Is it a male, or female ? howeuer,
God blesse thee brother, th'art in a good mind,
But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

Amb. How, blind ?
Frank. I brother, blind, I heard thee talke of loue,
And loue is blind they say.

Amb. I would it were as blinde as *Elys* night,
That loue had never hit my heart so right ;
But what is loue in your opinion ?

Frank. A voluntary motion of delight,
Touching the superficies of the soule ;
A substance lesse divine then is the soule,
Yet more then any other power in man
Is that which loues, yet neither is enforc'd,
Nor doth enforce the heart of man to loue :
Which motion as it vnbeseemes a man,
So by the soule and reason which adorne,
The life of man it is extinguisched,
Even at his pleasure that it doth possesse.

Amb. Thus may the free-man iest at manacles,
The furve-clad citizen laugh at a storme,
These swartis Moors dining to gather pearle.

Challenge

of the Exchange.

Challenge the scalding ardor of the Sunne ;
And aged *Nester* sitting in his tent,
May tearme wounds sport, and warre but merriment,
Frank. Tis true, fore God it is, and now me thinks,
My heart begins to pittie hearts in loue :
Say once more, *Anthony*, tell me thy grifes,
Let me haue feeling of thy passion,
Poffeſſe me deeply of thy melting state,
And thou shalt ſee.

Amb. That thou wilt pittie me.

Frank. No by my troth, if euer tale of loue,
Or loue it ſelfe, or foole-bewitching beautie,
Make me croſſe-arme my ſelfe ; ſtudy ay-mees ;
Defie my hat-band ; tread beneath my ſteete
Shoo-ſtrings and garters ; practife in my glaſie
Distrefſed looks, and dry my liner vp,
With ſighes enough to win an argofie.
If euer I turne thus fantasticall,
Loue plague me, neuer pitie me at all.

Enter Phyllis.

Amb. Yonder ſhe comes that holds me prisoner.

Frank. What ? *Phyllis*, The faire Maide of the Exchange ?
Is ſhe god *Cupids* iudge ouer mens hearts ?
Brother, ile haue one venny with her tongue,
To breathe my wit, and ielt at paſſion :
By your leue Miftrefſe *Flower*.

Phil. Your rude behaviour ſcarfe offers you welcomie.

Frank. I prethee tell me *Phyllis*, I heare ſay,
Thou keepeſt loue captiue in thy maiden thoughts.

Phil. That is a thought beyond your reach to know.

Frank. But ſhall I know it ? (fond,

Phil. On what acquaintance ? then might you deeme mee
If (as you ſay) loue be at my command.

Frank. May not your friend command as great a matter ?

Phil. Ile know him well firſt, for that friend may flatter.

Frank. Why, I hope you know me.

Phil. That's a queſtione.

The faire Maide

Frank. Well, if you doe not, you shall before I thinke.
Know you yonder lumph of melancholie,
Yonder bundle of sighes, yonder wad of grones?
The same and I were chickins of one broode,
And if you know him, as I am sure you doe,
Being his brother, you needs must know me too.

Phil. I partly haue a guesse of yonder Gentleman,
His name is Master Golding as I take it.

Am. Golding I am, and thine sweete faire I am,
And yet not thine, but a most-wretched man;
Thou know'st my cause of griefe, my wound of woe.
And knowing it, why wilt thou see it so?
Put salves of comfort to my griefes vnest,
So mayst thou heale my sore of heauiness.

Frank. Hearke you faire maide, are you a Surgeon?
I prethee give my brother *Anthony*
Somewhat to heale the loue sore of his mind,
And yet tis pitie that he should haue help:
A man as free as aire, or the Sunnes raiers,
As boundlesse in his function as the heavens,
The male and better part of flesh and blood,
In whom was powrde the quintessence of reason,
To wrong the adoration of his Maker,
By worshipping a wanton female skirt,
And making Loue his Idol, fie toard, fie to.
I am ashamed of this apostacie:
Ile talke with her to hind' her complaints.
Phil. a word in priuate ere you goe,
I loue yee sweete.

Phil. Sowre, it may be so.

Frank. Sowre, and sweete; that doth scarce agree.

Phil. Two contraries, and so be we.

Frank. A plague on this courting, come, weele make an end.

Phil. I am sorry for it since you seeme my friend.

Frank. I, but thou canst not weepe.

Phil. Then had I a hard heart.

Frank. How say you? come brother, now to your pax.

Am. At your direction: no, this merry glee,

Good

of the Exchange.

(Good brother) fortes not with my melancholie,
Lone couets priuate conference; so my sorrow,
Craueth your absence which I faine wold borrow.

Frank. No manuell then we say that loue is blind,
If it still reuell in obscurity:
I will depart I will not hinder loue,
Ile wash my hands, fare-well sweet turtle done.

Exit.

Phil. I faith your brother is a proper man.

Frank. Whates your will with me.

Phil. Even what you please.

Frank. Did you not call me backe?

Phil. Not, to my knowledge.

Frank. No, ablouid somewhat did, farewell, farewell.

Phil. He is a very very proper man.

Frank. I am in haste pray vrg me not to stay.

Phil. The man dash dote, pray God he hits his way.

Frank. Fore God ther's not a maide in all this towne,
Should sooner winne me; but my busines calls me:
Give me thy hand, next time I meeete with thee,
Lesser intreayt shall woe my company.

Phil. Yfaith yfaith?

Frank. Yfaith, this was the hand, what meanes my bloud?
Doe I not blush, nor looke extreamly pale?
Is not my head a fire, my eies nor heart?
Ha, art thou here? I feele thee loue Ifaith:
By this light, well *via* farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Ambo. Now he is gone, and we in priuate talkes.
Say, wilst thou grant me loue, wilst thou be mine?
For all the entrest in my loue is thine.

Phil. Your brother *Ferdinand* hath vowd as much:
Nay more, he swares what man so ere he be,
Presumes to be corriuall in his loue:
He will reuenge it as an iniurie.

And clothe the theefe in basest obloquie.

Ambo. I, is my brother my competitor?
Ile court my loue and will solicite thee,
Were *Ferdinand* himselfe in company.
What saist thou to my sute?

C 3.

Phil. Tisne

The faire Maide

Phil. Time may doe much, what I intend to doe
I meane to pawse vpon. *Ans.* Let it be so;
If that my brothers hinderance be all,
Ile haue thy loue though by my brothers fall. *Exe.*

Phil. Two brothers drownd in loue, I and the third
For all his outward habite of neglect,
If I judge rightly if I did not dreame,
Hath dipt his foote toe in Lones scalding streme.
Well, let them pleade and perissh if they will;
Cripple mine heart is thine, and shall be still. *Exe.*

Frank. I am not well, and yet I am not ill,
I am, what am I? not in loue I hope?
In loue! let me examine my selfe, who shoud I loue? who did
I last conuerse with, with *Philis*: why should I loue *Philis*? is
she faire? faith so so: her forehead is pretty, somewhat re-
sembling the forehead of the signe of the maidenshead in, &c.
What's her haire? faith to *Brandora viars*, there's not the
simile: it is likely yet that I am in loue? Whats next? her
cheeke, they haue a reasonable scarlet, never a *Dians*
daughter in the towne goes beyond her. Well, yet I am not
in loue. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheeke too: *Venus* mole
was not more naturall; but what of that, I am *Adonis*, and
will not loue. Goo. *Venus* pardon me. Let vs descend: her
chinne, O *Helen*, *Helen*, where's, your dimple *Helen*? it was
your dimple that bewitcht *Paris*, and without your dimple
I will not loue you *Helen*, No, yet I am safte. Her hands lets
handle that, I saw her hand and it was lilly white, I toocht
her palme, and it was soft and smoothe: and then what then?
her hand did then bewitch me, I shall be in loue now out of
hand. In loue! shall I that euer yet haue prophane loue, now
fall to worship him? Shall I that haue ieaſted at louers fighes
now raigne white-windes? shall I that haue flowted ay-mees
once a quarter, now praefise ay-mees every minute? shall I de-
fie hat-bands, and treade garters and shoo-strings vnder my
feete? shall I fall to falling bands and be a ruffio no longer? I
must; I am now liege man to *Cupid*, and haue read all these
informations in his booke of statutes, the first chapter, page
willfame saw, therefore, hat-band avaunt, ruffe regard your
selfe,

of the Exchange;

selfe, garters adue, shoo-strings so and so; I am a poore ex-
amorate, and enforde with the Poet to say, Love overcomes
all, and I that loue obey. *Exit.*

Enter M. Flister.

Flow. Now afore God a very good conceit,
But too much sleepe hath ouer taken me,
The night hath plaid the swift-foote runne-away:
A good conceit, a very good conceit,
What *Fiddle*, arile *Fiddle*, *Fiddle* I say:

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. Heer's a fiddling indeed, I thinke your tongue be made
of nothing but fiddletrings, I hope the fiddle must haue
some rest as well as the fiddle-sticke: well Crowde, what say
yonto *Fiddle* now?

Flow. *Fiddle*, it is a very good conceit.

Fid. It is indeed, Master.

Flow. What doft thou meane?

Fid. To goe to bed again Sir.

Flow. No, *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit *Fiddle*,

Fid. What a fiddling doe you keepe, are not you ashamed
to make such musicke; I hope fir, you will christen mee anew
shortly, for you haue so worne this name, that ne're a wench
in all the towne but will scorne to dance after my fiddle.

Flow. Well *Fiddle*, thou art an honest fellow.

Fid. Thats more than you know Master.

Flow. Ile swewe for thee *Fiddle*.

Fid. Youle be damn'd then, Master.

Flow. I loue thee *Fiddle*.

Fid. I had rather your daughter lou'd me,

Flow. Tis a rare conceit yfaith,

Fid. I hold with you Master, if my yong mistresse would
like so well of my musicke, that she would dance after no be-
dies instrument but mine.

Flow. No *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit, *(aside)*

Fid. A shame on you, I thought you would not heare on that

Flow. *Fiddle*, thou toldst me, M. Golding was in loue with my

Fid. True master, therein you say well. *(daughter.)*

Flow. And he intreats me to meet him at the flarre in cheap-
talking concerning the mache. *(aside)* *Fiddle*.

The faire Maide

Fiddle. True, still maister.

Flo. And I haue sent for my neighbour M. *Barry* to haue
the company.

Fiddle. True, all this is most naturall trouth.

Flo. And now *Fiddle*, I am going on my way.

Fiddle. Nay that's a lie, that hath marr'd all, was your con-
ceipt so tirde you could tell troth no longer?

Flo. Why *Fiddle*, are we not going?

Fiddle. No indeede sir, we are not, we stand still, your con-
ceipt faulde in that.

Flo. For God tis true, I am not ready yet: whatshē?

Emes Bobbington.

Bob. By your leaue sir, I would craue a word in secret sir.

Flo. At your pleasure, heā'snone but my man *Fiddle*.

Fiddle. I sir, maistcr *Fiddle* is my name? sir *Lawrence Syre* was
my Father.

Bob. Sir, this is my busynesse, my name is *Racker*, I haue a
ship of my owne vpon the river.

Flo. By your leaue sir, captaine *Racker* is your name.

Bob. Some call me so indeede sir.

Flo. It is a good conceit, I pray proceerde.

Bob. Sir, I am now bound to sea, and wanting some mony
for the better furnishing of my wants.

Flo. O, you would borrow mony of me.

Bob. Thats my fute indeed.

Flo. Thats no good conceit.

Bob. Na, heare me sir: if you will supply me with ten pound
till my retурne from *Barbary*, I will haue in your hands a dia-
mond of greater value than the mony.

Flo. A Diamond, it is a Diamond, or but a cōueerſet.

Fiddle. my ſpectacles.

Bob. Tis right, I ſaure you sir.

Flo. Then it is a good conceit: my ſpectacles.

Fiddle. Heere sir.

Flo. Wheres sir?

Fiddle. You cannot ſee maister, but I can.

Flo. O tis good, it is a good conceit: well sir, tenne pound;
You are content if at three months end,

Yon

of the Exchange.

You bring me not ten pound in English coine,
This diamond shall be my proper owne.

Bob. I am sir, shall I receive the money now?

Flow. I, heere it is, and tis a good conceit.
Will you goe neere sir? *Fiddle*, make him drinke.

Fiddle. Will you approch cavaliero, if I speake not in season, tis because I was never in the salt country, where you Sea Captaines vse to march.

Bob. You are very eloquent sir, ile follow you.

Fiddle. Let me alone then for leading my men.

Exiunt Bobbington and Fiddle.

Flow. A diamond worth forty for tenne pound,
If he returne not safe from *Barbary*,
Tis good, a very good conceit. *Enter M. Berry.*

Berry. By your leaue Master *Flow*.

Flow. Welcome good Master *Berry*, I was bold to intreat
your company to speake with a friend of mine,
It is some trouble, but the conceit is good.

Berry. No trouble at all sir, shall we be going?

Flow. With all my heart sir, and as we goe,
Ile tell you my conceit, come Master *Berry*. *Exiunt*.

Enter at one deere Cripple, at the other Bowdler.

Bow. Well met my deere bandle of rew, well met.

Crip. As much to thee my humorous blöffome.

Bow. A plague on thee for a dog, haue I found thee? I hate
thee not, and yet by this hand I could finde in my heart: but
sirra, I was encountered.

Crip. Who became your baile?

Bow. Ye filthy dog, I was encountered by a wench I say.

Crip. In a wenches counter! I thought no lesse: what sirra
didst thou lie in the Knights ward, or on the Masters side?

Bow. Neither, neither yfaith.

Crip. Where then, in the Hole?

Bow. By this hand *Cripple* ile bombast thee!

Crip. My crutch you meane for wearing out my clothes.

Bow. Thy nose dogge, thy nose, a plague on thee, I care
not for thee, and yet I cannot choose but loue thee.

The faire Maidc

Sirra, *Mal Berry* was heere about worke thou hast of hers, hadst thou beeene here to have heard, how I spurred the wench with incantations, thou wouldest have gien me the praise for a icaster.

Cripple. True Master *Bowler*, I ycelde it you, I holde you for the absollut icaster; Q mis take me not, I meane to iest vpon a ioggling gull, a profound seeing man of shallow wit, that Europe, na the world I thinke affords.

Bow. Well thou art a few firs, Ile cut out that venomous tongue of thine one of these dayes.

Cripple. Doe it in time, or Ile crush the heart of thy wit till I haue strain'd forth thy infectious humour to a drop yfaith.

Enter Mal Berry.

Bow. Heere comes my amorous vefell, ile boorde her yfaith: Well encountr'd *Mal*, how doest thou wench, how doest thou?

Mal. What's that to you Sir?

Bow. Why I aske thee in kindnesse.

Mal. Why then in kindnesse, you are a foole for asking.

Bow. Is the foole your livery?

Mal. Not so, for then you weareing that livery, would terme your selfe my foole.

Bow. Meaning me? you gull me not, if you doe?

Mal. What then?

Bow. O vile! I would take you downe.

Mal. Alas it wants wit, his wit is to narrow.

Bowler. Ile stretch my wit, but I will take you downe.

Mal. How, vpon the tenters? indeede if the whole peece were so stretcht, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

Bow. By this hand.

Mal. Away you affe, hinder not my businesse.

Crip. Finely put off wench yfaith.

Mal. By your leaue Master Drawer.

Cripple. Welcome Mistris *Berry*, I haue beeene mindfull of your worke.

Mal. Is it done?

Crip. Yes, and heere it is.

Mal.

of the Exchange.

Mal. Heere is your money.

Cripple. Ere long ile visit thee againe,
I haue some ruffies and stomachachers to draw.

Crip. At your pleasure.

Bow. By thy leave *Mal.* a word.

Mal. Away you bundle of nothing away. *Exit Mal.*

Crip. Shee hath a wit as sharpe as her needle.

Bowdler. Alias, my selfe haue beeene her whetstone with my conference in th'Exchange any time these many yeare.

Crip. In th'Exchange ! I haue walkt with thee there, before the visitation of my legges, and my expence in timber, at the least a hundred times, and never heard thee speake to a wench.

Bow. That's a lie, thou went by, when I bought these glouces of a wench.

Cripple. That's true, they cost thee an English shilling at a word, mary it followes in the text, that your shilling proou'd but a harpet, and thou wert shamefully arraign'd for it.

Bow. Good, but I excuse my selfe.

Crip. True, that thou thoughtest it had bin a shilling, mary thou hadst never an other, nor so much as a shilling more to change it. Thou talke in th'Exchange !

Bowdler. Indeede my best gift is in the morning when the Maides visite my chamber, with such necessaries as I vsually buy of them.

Crip. O thou art one of those, that if an honest Maide be sent to thy chamber with her Mistres goods, and returne as honest and chast as the Moone : Sirra, you are one of those that will flaunder the poore wenches, by speaking liberally of their pronenesse to loue; and withall, bragge how cheape you haue bought their ware metaphorically, when indeede they depart as honest as they came thither, and leaue you all the day after to sigh at the sight of an ill bargaine.

Bow. When wilt thou spit out this serpents tongue of thine?

Crip. When wilt thou cast off this anticke garment of ostentation ? do it, do it, or by the Lord I will impreffe thy vanities, and so anotomize the very bowels of thy absurdities, that all the world shall take notice of thee for a foole, and shunne thee as the pox or the pestilence.

The faire Maide

Enter Bernard.

Barn. Newes, newes, newes.

Bowd. Sweete rogue, what's the matter ?

Barn. By Iesu the rarest dauncing in christendome.

Bowd. Sweet rascall, where? O doe not kill my soule

With such delayes, tell me kinde rogue, O tell me where it is.

Barn. At a wedding in Gratiouse strecte.

Bow. Come, come, away, I long to see the man
In dauncing Art that does more then I can.

Barn. Than you sir / he liues not.

Bow. Why I vnderstand thee so.

Barn. You onely excepted, the world besides
Cannot afford more exquisite dauncers,
Then are now capting in that bridale house.

Bow. I will behold them, come crutch, thou shalt with vs.

Crip. Not I.

Bow. Downe dogge, ile haue thy company.

Crip. Thane businesse.

Bow. By this hand thou shalt goe with vs.

Crip. By this legge I will not.

Bow. A lame othe, never stand to that.

Crip. By this crutch but I will.

Barn. Come, you loose tyme, supper is done long since,
And they are now a dauncing.

Enter Master Berry and Fiddle

Berry. Stay Fiddle with thy torch. Gentlemen, good eeven.

Barn. Master Berry !

Bow. Master Berry, I wish you well sir : Master Fiddle I
am yours for a congee.

Fiddle. After the French saluation I am yours for the like
curtesie.

Berry. Master *Barnard*, to-morrow is your day
Of payment sir, I meane the hundred pound,
For which I haue your bond, I know tis sure,
You will not breake an hour ; then if you please
To come to dinner sir, you shall be welcome.

Barn. Sir, I did meane to vistite you at home,
Not to pay downe the money, but intreate.

of the Exchange.

Two moneths for-bearance.

Ber. How ! forbear my money ?
Your reason, why I should forbear my owne ?

Barn. You know at first the debt was none of mine,
I was a suretie, not the principall :
Besides, the money that was borrowed
Miscarried in the venture; my friend died,
And once alreadi haue you prisoned me
To my great charge, almost my ouer-thow,
And some-what raiide the debt by that aduantage ;
These things considered, you may well forbear
For two moneths space, so small a summe as this.

Ber. How ! I may forbear, Sir, I haue neede of mony :
I may indeede sit monilesse at home,
And let you walke abroad spending of my coyne.
This I may doe, but sir you know my minde,
If you doe breake your day, assiure your selfe,
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

Crip. The forfeit of his bond !
Ber. I sir, the forfeit ; tis no charitie
To fauour you that live like Libertines :
Heer's a Crew !

All. A crew, what Crew ?
Ber. A crew of vnthriffts, carelesse dissolutes,
Licencious prodigalls, vilde tauern-tracers.
Night watching money-wasters, what should I call yee ?
O I want words for to define you rightly ;
But this I know, London ne're foftred such
As *Barnard, Bowdler*, and this paltrie crutch.

Crip. And you want words firra, ile teach thee words.
Thou shouldest haue come to every one of vs
As thus : thou wretch, thou miser thou vilde slave
And drudge to money, bond-man to thy wealth,
Apprentice to a penney, thou that hounds vp
The frie of siluer pence and half-penies,
With shew of charitie to give the poore,
But purst them to increase, where in short time
They grow a childs part, or daughters portion.

The faire Maide

Thou that invents new clauses for a bond
To cousin simple plainenesse: O not a Dragon,
No, nor the devells fangs are halfe so euill
As are thy claves; thus, thus, thou shoudest have railde
The forfeit of his bond, O I could spit
My heart into his face; thou blood bound that dost hant
The deere, deere life of noble Gentry.

Berry. Cripple, tis knowne I am an honest man;
But for thy wordes, *Barnard* shall fare the worse:
As for thy selfe.

Fid. Who he sir, never regard him, I know the vildest
thing by him, O tis abominable!

Ber. Dost thou so *Fiddle*, speake, hold, take thou that, speake
of his shame, speake freely, ile protect thee.

Fid. I tell you sir, twill make your haire to stand on end, as
strife as a Rubbing-brush, to heare his villanies.
What's this you haue given me?

Ber. A shilling *Fiddle*.

Fid. Haue you any skill in Arithmetick?

Ber. Why dost thou aske?

Fid. Sir, I would haue you to multiply; could you not make
this one shilling two or three? I would not be knowne to begge,
but if out of your cunning you can doe this tricke of multi-
plication, I shall speake the better.

Ber. Other's another shilling for thee, now let me heare
what villanies thou canst charge the *Cripple* with.

Fid. So sir, this is multiplication, now sir, if you know the
Rule of addition you are an excellent Scholler: can you not
adde?

Berry. What dost thou meane?

Fid. An other shilling sir.

Ber. There is another shilling, now *Fiddle* speake.

Fid. Why then attend you Hilles and Dales, and stones so
quicke of hearing, this *Cripple* is.

All. What is he villaine?

Fid. An honest man, as any is in all the towne.

Ber. An honest man!

Fid. I by this filuer, and as good a fellow as euer went vp-
on

of the Exchange.

on fourre legges, if you would multiply till mid-night, I wodid
neuer speake other wife.

Ber. Fiddes, thou art a knave, and so is he :
Come let vs home, *Barnard*, loode to thy bond,
If thou doe breake thy day, I doe protest,
By you chaste Moone.

Fid. The chaste Moone, why the Moone is not chaste.

Ber. How proult thou that ?
Fid. Why sir, ther's a man in the middle of her, howcan
she be chaste then ?

Ber. Then by my life I swaere, ile clap him vp
Where he shall see neither Sunne nor Moone,
Till I be satisfied the vtmost penency,
And so fare-well.

Exit.

Fid. Gallants good-night; if time and place were in prof-
peritic, I were yours for an hours societie, I must after you
mulbery with my torch : adue deare hearts, adue.

Exit.

Bord. Come *Barnard*, lets to the dancing, lets tickle it to
For to morrow thy heeles may be too heavy. (night.

Ber. Alls one; my heart shall be as light as fire.
Come, shall we goe ?

Bord. Cripple, will you along ?

Crip. My busynesse stayes me heere.

Bord. Fare-well then dogge of *ifrest*, farewell. *Exiuit.*

Crip. Alls one, my heart shall be as light as fire :
Sblood, were I endebted a hundred pound,
My fortune faild, and fled as *Barnards* are,
Not worth a hundred pence as *Barnards* is :
I shold be now denising sentences
And Cauects, for posteritie to carne
Vpon the inside of the counter wall :
Therefore Ile now turne prouident ; Ile to my shop
And fall to worke.

Enter Philius.

Phili. Yonder is his shop, O now you gods aboue :
Picke poore *Philius* heart, that melts in loue ;
Instruct the *Cripple* to finde out my loue,
Which I will shadaw vnder the conceit.

Of

The faire Maide

Of my intention for this piece of worke,
O teach him how to yeeld me loue againe,
A little little loue, a dramme of kind affection,
His many vertues are my true direction:
By your leane M. Drawer.

Cris. Welcoper Mistresse Flower, whats your pleasure?

Phil. My cause of comming is not vndeclared to you,
Here is bespoken worke which must be wrought
With expedition, I pray haue care of it;
The residue I referre to your direction:
Only this hankercher, a yong Gentlewoman,
Wishd me acquaint you with her mind herein:
In one corner of the same, place wanton loue,
Drawing his bow shooting an amorous dart,
Opposite against him an arrow in a heart,
In a third corner picture foorth disdain,
A cruell fate vnto a louing vaine:
In the fourth drawe a springing Lawrell tree,
Circled about with a ring of poesie: and thus it is:

Loue wounds the heart, and conqueres all disdayns,
Loue pitties loue, seeing true loue in paine;
Loue seeing Loue bowe faithfull Loue did breake,
At length impaled loue with a Lawrell wreath.

Thus you haue heard the Gentle-womans minde,
I pray be carefull that it be well done:
And so I leaue you, more I faine woulde say,
But shane forbids and calles me hence away.

Exit.

Cris. Sweet faire, I pittie, yet no relife
Harbors within the clos't of my soule.
This *Philis* beares me true affection,
But I detest the humor of fond loue:
Yet am I hourly solicited
As now you see, and faine she would make knowne
The true perplexion of her wounded heart:
But modestie checking her forwardnesse
Bids her be still; yet she in similities

And

of the Exchange.

And loue-comparisons, like a good Scholler
By figures makes a demonstration
Of the true loue enclosed in her heart.
I know it well, yet will no: tell her so,
Fancie shall never marry me to woe;
Take this of me, a yong man's never mar'd,
Till he by marriage from all joy be bar'd.

Exit.

Enter Franke singing.

Frank. To godes of Loue that sits above, and pity Lovers paine,
Looke from your thrones upon the mounes, that I do now sustaine,
Was ever man thus tormented with loue?

Song. To little birds, that sit and sing

Amidst the shadie vallyes,
And see how Phillis streddly walkes
Within her Garden alleys;
Goe pretie birds about her bower,
Sing pretie birds she may not lovere,
Ah me, me thinkes I see her frowne,
To pretie wantons warble.

Goe ill her through your chirping biles,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only knowne my loue,
Which from the world is bidden:
Goe pretie birds and tell her so,
See that your notes straine not too lowe,
For still me thinkes I see her frowne,
To pretie wantons warble.

Goe tune your voices harmonic,
And sing I am her Louer;
Straine loudes and sweetes that every man,
With sweete consent may moue her:
And shee that hath the sweetest voyce,
Tell her I will not change my choice,
Yet still me thinkes I see her frowne,
To pretie wantons warble.

O fies, make haste, see, see, fies fallen
Into a pretie slumber,
Sing round about her rosie bed

B

The

The faire Maide

That walking for my wonder,
Say to her, you her lover true,
That sendeth love to you to you ?
And when you hear her kind reply,
Returns with pleasure warbling,

Anaunt delusion, thoughts cannot winne my loue ;
Love, although divine, cannot diuise my thoughts ;
Why to the ayre then doe I idle heare
Such heedles words faire off, and ne're the neare ?
Hie thee yong *Franky*, to her that keepes thy heart,
There let sweete words, they sweter thoughts impart,
But stay ; here comes my melancholly brothers both,
Ile step aside, and heare their conference. *Exit aside.*

Ant. What ? is my brother *Ferdinand* so neare ?
He is my elder, I must needs give place,
Anthony, stand by, and list what he doth say,
Hast calles me hence, yet I will brooke delay.

Ferd. Shall I exchange gaist fortune and mishap,
Or rail on Nature who first framed me ?
Is it hard chance that keepes me from my loue ?
Or is this heape of loathd deformities,
The cause that breeds a blemish in her eye ?
I know not what to think, or what to say,
Onely one comfort yet I have in store,
Which I will practise though I ne're try more.

Ant. Oh, for to heare that comfort I doe long,
Ile turne it to a straine to right my wrong.

Ferd. I have a brother riuall in my loue ;
I have a brother hates me for my loue ;
I have a brother vowed to winne my loue ;
That brother too, he hath incest my loue
To gaine the beauty of my dearest loue,
What hope remaines then to enjoy my loue ?

Ant. I am that brother riuall in his loue,
I am that brother hates him for his loue ;
Not his but mine, and I will have that loue,
Or nevere line to see him kisse my loue ;
What thou erst sayd, I am that man alone,
That will depose y ougother from loue's thrones.

of the Exchange.

I am that man, though you my elder be,
That will aspire beyond you one degree.

Ferd. I have no meane of private conference,
So narrowly pursyse my hinderer,
No sooner am I entred the sweete court
Of louely rest, my loues rich mansion,
But riual loue to my affection
Followes me, as a foone enforced strawe,
The drawing vertue of a sable iest :
This therefore's my determination,
Within the close wambe of a sealed paper,
Will I right downe in bloody Characters,
The burning zeale of my affection :
And by some truthe messenger or other,
Comye the same into my loues owne hand,
So shall I know her resolution,
And how she fancies my affection.

Ant. Yet subtill Fox, I may perchance to croise you :
Brother, well met ; whither away so fast ?

Ferd. About affaires that doe require some hast.

Antb. Tis well done brother, you seeke still for gaine.

Ferd. But you would reape the haruest of my paine :
Farewell good brother, I must needs be gone,
Thane serious busynesse now to thinke vpon :
Yet for I feare my brother *Antonic*,
Ile step aside and stand a while vnsene,
I may perchance discry which way he goes ;
Thus policie must worke twixt friends and foes.

Antb. So, hee is gone, I scarcely trust him neither ;

For tis his custome, like a sneaking fool,
To fetch a compasse of a mile about,
And creepe where he would be ; well, let him passe,
Theard him lay, that since by word of mouth
He could not purchase his sweet Mistrelle fauour,
He would endeavour what his wit might doe
By writing, and by tokens ; O tis good
Writing with inke ; O no, but with his blood.
Well, so much for that, now I know his minde

The faire Maide

I doe intend not to be farre behinde :
Heele send a letter, I will write another,
Doe what you can, ile be before you brother ;
Ile entercept his letter by the way,
And as tyme serues the same I will bewray :
Mine being made, a Porter Ile procure,
That shall conuey that heart-inticing lure ;
About it then, my letter shall be writ,
Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit.

Ferd. And shall it so, good brother *Aubuson* ?
Were you so neere when we infcret talk'd ;
Wilt ne're be otherwise ? will you dog me still ?

Enter Franks.

Welcome sweete *Franks* ; such newes I haue to tell,
As cannot chuse but like thee passing well :
Thou knowest my loue to *Pbilis* ?

Frank. Brother, say on.

Ferd. Thou likewise art acquainted with my riuall,
And I doe build vpon your secrecie.

Frank. Shblood, and I thought you did not, ile retire :
Brother you know, I loue you as my life.

Ferd. I dare professe as much, and therespon :
Make bold to craue thy furtherance, in a thing
Concernes me much.

Frank. Out with it brother :
If I shrinke backe, repole trust in some other.

Ferd. Then thus it is ; my brother all in haste
Is gone, to write a letter to my loue,

And thinkes thereby to crosse me in my fute,
Sending it by a Porter to her hand ;

If euer therefore thou wilt a ide thy brother,
Help me in this, who seekeas helpe from no other. (I may,

Frank. By the red lippe of that daintie saint, ile aid thee all.

Ferd. It is enough ; then brother ile prouise

A Porters habite, alike in every point,
Will you bot so much humble your estate,
To puz your selfe in that so basse abyre,

And like so meape a person wait his comming,

Above.

of the Exchange.

About his doore which will not be ore long.

Thou shalt for euer binde me to thy lone.

Frank. Brother, tis a base taske, by this light,

But to procure a further force of lone,

Ile doot, yfaith I will sweete Ferdinand,

About it then, prouide thee some disguise,

But see you stay not long in any wile,

Heere shall you finde me, goe, dispatch.

Ferd. For this ile loue thee everlastingly.

Frank. Meane time ile croise your loue and if I can,

Heere's no villany betwixt vs three brothers :

My brother Ferdinand he would haue the wench,

And Anthony he hopes to haue her tooe,

Then what may I yfaith hope well, as they doe.

Neither of them know that I loue the Maide,

Yet by this hand I am halfe mad for loue,

I know not well what lone is, but tis sure,

Ile die if I haue her not, therefore

Good brothers mine beguile you one an other,

Till you be both guild by your yonger brother.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Heere is a Porters habite, on with it brother.

Frank. Your han'd then brother for to put it on,
So now tis well, come brother, what's my taske?

Ferd. This first, that thou make haste to Anthony,

Aske for a burden and thou shalt be sure

To haue his letter to my deare loue Phyllis,

Deliver it not, but keepe it to thy selfe,

Till thou haft given this paper to her hands,

Whose lines doe intimate thy chaste desires:

This is the summe of all, good Frank, make hast,

Lone burns in me, and I in loue doe waste.

Enter.

Frank. Waste still, but let me in my loue increase.

Now would not all the world take me for a porter?

How strangly am I metamorphosed?

And yet I neede not be ashamed neither,

Lone when his loue-scapes he attempted euer

Transformd himselfe, yet euer sped in loue,

The faire Maide.

Why my not I then in this strange disguise?
This habit may prooue mighty in loves power,
As beast, or bird, bull, or swanne, or golden shrowde.

Enter Anthony.

Amb. Within the centre of this paper square,
Hape I wrote downe in blonda characters,
A pretty poesie of a wounded heart,
Such is loves force once burst into a flame,
Doe what we can we cannot quench the same,
Valeffe the teares of pety moue compasione,
And so quench out the fire of affection,
Whose burning force heates me in every vaine,
That I to Loue for safetie must complaine:
This is my Orator whose dulcet tongue
Must plead my loue to beauteous *Phillis*,
Now for a trulynk messenger to be
Imployd heerin betwixt my loue and me,
And in good tyme I see a Porter neare,
Come hither fellow, dwelst thou heare about?

Frank. Sir, my abiding is not farre from hence,
And trulyn *John* men call me by my name,

Amb. Canst thou be trulyn then, and seeret too,
Being imployd in weighty businesse?

Frank. Sir, I was never yet disaproou'd in either:

Amb. Then marke me well, in Cornhill by th' Exchange,
Dwells an old Marchant, *Flower* they call his name,
He hath one onely daughter, to whose hands,
If thou conueniently canst give this letter,
Ile pay thee well, make thee the happiest Porter
That ever vnderooke such businesse.

Frank. Sit, give me your letter, if I doe it not,
Then let your promise fauour be forgot.

Amb. *Anthony Golding* is my name, my friend,
About it then, thy mesage being done
Make haste to me againe, till when, I leave thee,

Exit.

Frank. And so fare thee well louing brother,
It had bin better you had sent some other.
Let me consider what is best be done,

Shall

of the Exchange.

Shall I deliver his letter? No:

Shall I conuey it to my small brother? Not so.

Shall I teare the same? No not for a million.

What shall I then doe? marry like a kinde brother,

Open the books, see what is written there,

If nought but loue, in loue haue thou a share.

Brother, by your leade I hope yonle not deny,

But that I loue you: God blesse my eye-sight,

A Sonnet tis in verse, now on my life

He hath peruside all the impitisions

Of Sonnets since the fall of Lucifer,

And made some scurvy quaint collection

Qffustian phrases, vplandish wordes.

A Letter.

Faire glory of vertue, thy enamorate

Pleades loyally in pure affection,

Whose passion Loue doe thou exonerate,

And he shall liue by thy protection

Nor from thy loue shall he once derogate,

For any soul vnder this horizon,

Yeld thou to loue, and I will faile in neither,

So loue and truth shall always liue together.

Yours/ dearest, Anthony Golding.

Before God, excellent good Poetry,

Sbloud what meanes he by this line?

For any souls vnder this horizon?

No matter for his meaning, meane what he will,

I meane his meaning shall not be delivered,

But for my other truſt my other letter,

That shall come short too of fair Phœbus hands,

There is a Cripple dwelling here a hand,

Thats very well acquainted with the Maide,

And for I once did reſcue them for thieues,

Sware, if he loude, he would requite that kindness,

To him I will for counſell, he shall be,

My tutor by his wit and pollicie.

End.

Sign.

The faire Malde

*Enter Boy in a Shop cutting of / square parchment,
to him enter Philis.*

Phil. Why how now farr, can you finde nocht to doe,
But waste the parchment in this idle sort?

Boy. I doe but what my Mistris gaue in charge.

Phil. Your Mistris! in good time: then sir it seemes
Your dutie cannot stoope but to her leure:
Sir, I will make you know, that in her absence
You shall accoupt to my demand, your Mistris
And your Mistris will is thus, and thus youle doe:
But answere to the motion I have made,
Or you shall feele you haue another Mistris now:
Speake, why when I say?

Boy. Indede I know your glory,
Your prid's at full in this authoritie:
But, were it not for modest bashfulnesse,
And that I dread a base contentious name,
I would not be a by-word to th'Exchange,
For every one to say (my selfe going by)
Yon goes a vassall to authoritie.

Phil. You would not sir: had I the yeard in hand,
Idc measure your pate for this delusion,
And by my maiden chastitie I swere,

Vnkle *Rush for the yard, and the boy stay her hand.*

Boy. What vnkle? I know your wilfulness,
Theis words are but to shew the world your humour:
I often vse to square these parchment pecces
Without occasion: I am sure you are not wirtig
The Lawnes you late bought of Master Brakes,
Are new come home, brought by the Merchants servant:
I know you are short membred, but not so short
Of your remembrance, that this is newes to you.

Phil. Y'are best to brane me in a taunting humour,
Wilt please you ope the doore? where's Virgula?
Oh heere's good stufc, my backe's no sooner turnd
But she must needs be gadding, and where I pray?

of the Exchange.

Boy. She's gone to M. *Pawmers* on th'other side.

Phil. On great occasions, sir, I doubt it not.

Sit and worke in the shop.

Enter M. Richard Gardiner bussey, and M. William

Brenner, two Gentlemen, at one end of the stage.

Ben. Kinde *Dicky*, thou wilt not be vnmindfull of my dñe
To that fame worthy Arts-master, *Lyonell Barnes*.

Gard. Thy loue, sweet *Will*, hath chainde it to my memory.

Ben. Then with this kinde imbrace I take my leaue,
Wishing thou were as safe arriu'd at *Cambridge*,
As thou art at this present neere the Exchange.

Gard. And well remembred, kind *Will Brenner*,
Others affaires made me obliuious
Of mine owne; I pray thee goe to the Exchange,
I haue certaine bands, and other linnen to buy,
Prethee accompanie me.

Ben. With all my heart.

Gard. Sure, this is a beauteous gallant walke,
Were my continuall residence in London,
I should make much vse of such a pleasure;
Me thinkes the glorious virgins of this square
Gives life to dead strucke youth; Oh heauens!

Ben. Why how now *Dicky*?

Gard. By my sweete hopes of an hereafter blisse,
I never saw a fairer face then this:
O for acquaintance with so rich a beaurie.

Ben. Take thy occasion, never hadst thou better.

Gard. Haue at herthen.

Phil. What lacke you Gentlemen?

Gard. Faith nothing, had I thee,
For in thine eye all my desires I see.

Phil. My shop you meane sir, there you may have choice
Of Lawnes, or Cambricks, Ruffes well wrought, Shirts,
Fine falling bands of the Italian cut-worke,
Ruffes for your hands, waft-cotes wrought with filkes,
Night-caps of gold, or such like weareing linnen,
Fit for the Chap-man of what ere degree.

F

Gard.

The faire Maide

Gard. Faith virgin, in my dayes, I haue worn & out-worne
Yea, many of these golden necessaries ; (much,
But such a gallant beautie, or such a forme
I never saw, nor never wore the like :
Faith be not then vnkinde, but let me weare
This shap of thine, although I buy it deere.

Phil. What hath the Tailor plaide his part so well,
That with my gowne you are so farre in loue ?

Gard. Mistake not sweet, your garment is the couer,
That vailes the shap and pleasures of a louer.

Phil. That argues then, you doe not see my shap,
How comes it then you are in loue with it ?

Gard. A garment made by cunning Art-mens skill,
Hides all defects that Natures swarwing hand
Hath done amisse, and makes the shap seeme pure ;
If then it grace such lame deformitie,
It addes a greater grace to puritie.

Phil. Oh short liu'd pracie ! even now I was a faire
As any thing ; now fowler nothing,
Dissembling men, what maide will credite them ?

Gard. How mis-construcion leades your thoughts awry ?

Brn. I prethee Dick adone ; chioke on thy iourney.

Phil. You counsell well sir, I thinke the Gentleman
Comes but to whet his wit, and tis but neede ;
Tis blunt enough, he may ride faire vpon't.

Gard. Mary gip Minx.

Phil. A fine word in a Gentleman's mouth ;
T'were good your backe were towards me,
There can I reade better content, then in the face of lust.

Gard. Now you display your vertues, as they are.

Phil. What am I, you Cipher, parenthesis of words,
Stall-trouble, prater, what fit I here for naught ?
Below your lustfull count-ships on your minions,
This place holds none ; you and your companion,
Get you downe the staires, or I protest
Ile make this squared walke too hot for you.
Had you beene as you seem'd in out-ward shew,
Honch Gentlemen, such termes of vnde abus.

of the Exchange.

Had nor beene proffred to virginitie ;
But Swaines will quickly shew their base descent.

Gard. This is no place for brawles, but if it were,
Your impositions are more then I would beare.

Ben. Come, shee's a woman, I prethee leave her.

Exeunt Gard. and Ben.

Phil. Nay sure a maid, vnlesse her thoughts deceiue her.
God speede you well : sirra boy.

Boy. Anone.

Go to the Starchers for the sute of ruffes,
For M. *Bawdiers* bands, and M. *Golding* shirts,
Lets have a care to please our prooued friends :
As for our strangers, if they vsie vs well,
For loue and money, loue and ware weele sell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frank. *The Cripple at Worke.*

Frank. Now fortune be my guide, this is the shope,
And in good time the Cripple is at worke :
God speede you sir.

Crip. Welcome honest friend ; what's thy will with me ?

Frank. I would entreat you reade a letter for me.

Crip. With all my heart :
I know the maide to whom it is directed.

Frank. I know you doe Cripple, better then you thinke.

Crip. I pray you, what Gentleman writ the same ?

Frank. Sir, a Gentleman of good learning, and my friend ;
To say the truth, t'was written for my selfe,
Being some-what overtaken with fond loue,
As many men be sir.

Crip. Why art thou perswaded, or haft thou any hope,
So beautifull a virgin as she is,
Of such faire parentage, so vertuous,
So gentle, kinde, and wise as *Philis* is,
That she will take remorse of such base stuffe,
I thinke not so : but let me see, what's thy name ?

Frank. Trustie *John* men call me sir.

Crip. How comes it then your blinded Secretarie,
Hath writ another name vnto the letter ?

Tours denoted Anthony Golding.

The faire Maide

But sure this letter is no right of thine,
Either thou foundest the same by happy chance,
Or being employed as a Messenger,
Plaid'st legerdumaine with him that sent the same :
Wherefore the maid(well knowne vnto my selfe)
I will referuo the letter to her vse,
That she, if by the name herein set downe,
She know the Gentleman that doth wish her well,
She may be gratafull for his courtesie.

Frank. Nay then I see I must disclose my selfe :
Sir, might I build vpon your secrecie,
I would disclose a secret of import.

Crip. Assure thy selfe I will not iniure thee.
Frank. Then Cripple know, I am not what I seeme,
But tooke this habite to deceiue my friend :
My friend indeed, but yet my cruell foe ;
Foe to my good, my friend in outward shew :
I am no Porter, as I seeme to be,
But yonger brother to that *Aubrey* ;
And to be briefe, I am in loue with *Phillis*,
Which my two elder brothers doe affect ;
The one of them seekes to deafeate the other :
Now if that I, being their yonger brother
Could gull them both, by geting of the wench,
I would requite it with loues recompence,
Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy loue,
When I did rescue thee on *Mile-and-Greene*,
Now is the time, now let me haue thy ayd,
To gull my brothers of that beauteous maide.

Crip. Sir, what I promiside I will now performe ;
My loue is yours, my life to doe you good,
Which to approue, follow me but in all,
Weele gull your brothers in the wench, and all.

Frank. Saile thou me so friend, for that very word
My life is thine, command my hand and sword.

Crip. Then let me see this letter ; it should seeme
You vnder-tooke to carry from your brother
To the maide.

Frank.

of the Exchange.

Frank. I did, and from my brother *Ferdinande*,
This other letter to the same effect.

Crip. Well, lift to me, and follow my aduise,
You shall deliver neither of them both,
But frame two letters of your owne inuention.
Letters of flat deniali to their futes,
Give them to both your brothers as from *Phidias*,
And let each line in either Letter tend
To the dispraise of both their features;
And the conclusion I would have set downe,
A flat resolute bound with some zealous oath,
Neuer to yeeld to eyther of their futes:
And if this sort not well to your content,
Condemne the Cripple.

Frank. but this will aske much time,
And they by this time looke for my returne.

Crip. Why then my selfe will fit you presently,
I haue the Copies in my custody,
Of sundry Letter, to the same effect.

Frank. Of thy owne writing?

Crip. My owne I assure you, sir.

Frank. Faith thou haft robd some Sonnet bookes on other,
And now wouldest make me thinke they are thine owne.

Crip. Why thinkst thou that I cannot write a letter,
Ditty, or Sonnet with iudicall phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, patheticall,
As the best *Ouid*-imitating dunces
In all the towne.

Frank. I thinke thou canst not.

Crip. Yea, ile sware I cannot,
Yet sirra, I could conny-catch the world,
Make my selfe famous for a sodaine wit,
And be admirde for my dexteritie,
Where I disposerde.

Frank. I prethee how.

Crip. Why thus there liu'd a Poet in this towne,
(If we may tearme our moderne Writers Poets)
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongd, his penes of steele,

The faire Maide

His iake was temperd with the biting iuyce,
And extracts of the bitterst weedes that grew,
He never wrot but when the elements
Of Fire and Water tilted in his braine:
This fellow ready to giue vp his ghost
To *Laciness* bosome, did bequeathe to me
His Library, which was iust nothing,
But rolles, and scrollles, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Paules church-yard:
Amongst them all, I happened on a quire
Or two of paper fillid with Songs and Ditties,
And heere and there a hungry Epigramme,
These I reserve to my owne proper use,
And Pater-noster-like haue kon'd them all.
I could now when I am in company,
A tallehouse, tauerne, or an ordinary,
Upon a theame make an extemporall ditty,
(Or one at least shoulde seeme extemporall)
Out of th'abundance of this Legacie,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sodaine wit,
And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a peece of cunning.

Crip. I could doe more, for I could make enquire
Where the best witted Gallants vse to dine,
Follow them to the tauerne, and there sit
In the next roome with a calves head and brimstone,
And ouer-heare their talke, obserue their humors,
Collect their jests, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I haue fliȝt from them. This I could doe:
But O for shame that man shoulde so arraigne
Their owne feesimple wits, for verball theft?
Yet men there be that haue done this and that,
And more by much more than the most of them.

Frank. But to our purpose *Crippe* to these letters.

Crippe. I haue them ready for you, heere they be,
Gine these to your two brothers, say that *Philis*

of the Exchange.

Delivered them with frownes, and though her name
Be not subscribde (which may not well be done)
It may perhaps giue them occasion
To thinke she scornd them so much grace and favour.
This done, returne to me, and let me know
Th'occurrants of this practise as they growe,
And so farewell, I can no longer stand
To talke with you, I haue some worke in hand. Exit.

Frank. Farewell mad Cripple, now *Frank Golding* flic,
To put in practise this new pollicie:
But soft, heere comes the Maide, I will assay

Enter Phyllis and Fiddle.

To please my owne loue by a stranger way,
By your leave sir.

Fid. Porter, I am not for you, you see I am perambulating
before a female.

Frank. I would craue but a word with you:

Fid. Speake in time then Porter, for otherwise I doe not
loue to answere you, and be as briske as you can, good Por-
ter.

Fran. I pray you sir, what Gentlewoman is this?

Fiddle. Certes Porter, I serue a Gentleman, that Gentle-
man is father to this Gentlewoman, this Gentlewoman is
a maide, this maide is faire, and this faire maide belongeth to
the Exchange, and the Exchange hath not the like faire maide:
now Porter, put all this together, and tel me what it spels.

Frank. I promise you sir, you haue posde me.

Fid. Then you are anasse Porter, tis the faire Maide of the
Exchange.

Fran. Her name I pray you sir.

Fiddle. Her name Porter requires much poeticalitie in the
subscription, and no lesse judgement in the vnderstanding;
her name is *Phyllis*, not *Phidus* that same dainty lassie that
was beloved of *Amintas*, nor *Phyllis*, shee that doated on that
comely youth *Demophoon*, but this is *Phyllis*, that most strange
Phyllis, the flower of the Exchange.

Phi.

The faire Maide

Phil. What, would that Porter any thing with me ?

Frank. Yea Mistrie, since by chance I meete you heere,
Ile tell you, though it not concernes my selfe,
What I this morning saw ; there is a Gentleman
One master *Golding* the yongest of three brothers,
They call him *Frank* ; O this man lies very fiske,
I being at his house perchance enquired
What his disease was of a seruant there,
Who said, the Doctors cannot tell themscilnes,
But in his fittes he euer callis on *Loue*,
And prayes to *Loue* for pity, and then names you,
And then names *Loue* againe, and then callis *Philis*,
And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,
And being askt whither, he sayes he would goe to *Philis*,
My busines callid me hence, but I heard say
His friends doe meane to intreate you to takes the paines
To visit him, because they doe suppose,
The fiske man loues you, and thence his sicknes growes.

Phil. Porter is this true ?
Or art thou hired to this, I prethee tell me.

Frank. Mistrie, not hired, my name is *Trusty John*,
If I deuide you, never trust me more.

Phil. I thankethee Porter, and thank *Loue* withall,
That thus hath wrought the tyrant *Golding* fall,
He once scorn'd *Loue*, ieasted at wounded hearts,
Challengde almighty beauey, ralld at passion,
And is he now caught by the eyes and heart ?
Now by *Dianes* milke-white vailc I swaere,
The goddesse of my maiden chalfe desires,
I am as glad of it as glad may be,
And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,
And torture him with icasfis ; *Fiddle*, along,
When we returne, if they doe send for me,
Ile arme my selfe with flowtes and crueltie.

Fiddle. Porter, we commit you, if you be a crafty knaue,
and lay in the windre for a vantage, you haue your answere :
marke her last words, ile arme my selfe with flowtes and
crueltie.

Exaudi.

Frank.

of the Exchange.

Frank. Ile arme my selfe with floutes and craultie.
Will you so *Phillis*, what a state am I in?
Why I of all am furthest from her loue:
Sblood, if I now should take conceit at this,
Fall sicke with loue indeed; were not my state
Most lamentable? I by this hand were it:
Well heart, if thou wilt yeeld, looke to thy selfe,
Thou wilt be tortur'd, well what remedie.

Enter Amboris.

Here comes my brother *Amboris*, I am for him.

Amb. Porter, what newes? speake you with *Phillis*?

Frank. I too late, to my griefe,
Spoke with her, sir, Yfaith I thinke I haue;
Heer's a letter for you, and by that
You shal be iudge if I did speake with her;
Now Cripple, shall we procure your learned wit?

Amb. Zounds am I mad, or is she mad that writh this?
Ile reade it or'e againe.

A Letter.

Sir, I did never like you, I do not now thinke well of you,
And I will never loue you: I choose my husband with my
eyes, and I haue some some especiall faults in you; as the
colour of your haire, the cleaunting of your head, to an af-
fected proportion, as if you fainted for want of aire, and
stood in that manner to sucke it into your wist, your necke is
too long: and to be short, I like no part in or about you: and
the short and the long boy, is, that I will never loue you, and
I will never marry but one I loue.

Not yours, but her owne.

Amb. Blancke, I am strucke blancke, and blind, and mad
Heere is a flat denyall to my fute, (withall,
A resolution never to be wonne:
What shall I doe? assit me god of loue,
Instruct me in thy schoole-tricks; be my guide
Out of this labyrinth of loue and feare,
Unto the palace of faire *Phillis* fauour:

The faire Maide

I haue it ; I will intimate her mother
In my behalfe, with letters and with gifts,
To her Ile write to be my aduocate :
Porter farewell, ther's for thy paines,
Thy profit by this toyle passeth my gaines. *Exit.*

Frank. You haue your answer, and a kind one tooe,
Cripple ile make thee crutches of pure siluer
For this devise, thou haft a golden wit :
Now if my brother *Ferdinand* were heere
To reade his absolution, heere he comes.

Enter Ferdinand.

Brother. *Ferd. Frank.*
What haft thou given the letter to her hand,
And staid my brother *Antonies* withall ?

Frank. I haue done both, and more then that, behold
Heere is an answere to your letter brother.

Ant. Frank. I will loue thee, whiles I liue for this.

Frank. Scarce, when you reade what there contained is.

A Letter.

*G*allant, that writes for loue, if you had come your selfe you
might perchance haue ffreed ; I doe not counsell you nei-
ther, to come your selfe, vniess you leue your bead at home,
or weare a vizard, or come baske-wards, for I never looke
you in the face but I am sick : and so praying God to continu
my health, by keeping you from me, I leue you.

Ferd. O vnkinde answere to a Louers letter ;
Let me suruay the end once more :

*For I never looke you in the face but I am sick : and so praying
God to continu me in health, by keeping you from me.*

Is shee so farre from yeelding ? is this sort
Of her chaste lone yet so impregnable ?
What shall I doe ? this is the furthest way,
A labour of impossibilities :
This way to winne her ? I will once againe,
Challenge the promise that her father made me ;
To him ile write, and he I know will pleade
My loue to *Phillis*, and so winne the maide. *Exit.*

Frank.

of the Exchange.

Frank. Farewell poore tortur'd heart; was never knowne
Two louing brothers in such miserie?
Let me consider of my owne estate:
What profit do I reap by this delusion?
Why none; I am as farre from *Phillis* heart
As when the first did wound me with her eyes:
Cripple, to thee I come, tis thou must be
My counsellor in this extreamitie.

Exit.

Enter Cripple, Bowdler, and Barnard.

Crip. Sirra *Bowdler*, what makes thee in this merry vaine?
Bowd. O Lord sir, it is your most elevated humor to be merr,
to be concise, set vp the collet, and looke thus with a dou-
ble chinne, like *Diogenes*, peering ouer his Tub, is too cymicall,
the signe of Melancholly, and indeede, the meere effect of a
salt rheume.

Crip. Who would thinke this Gentleman yesterdays dif-
temperature shoulde breed such motions? I thinke it be resto-
rative to activitie, I never saw a Gentleman caper so excellent,
as he did last night.

Bowd. Meane you me sir?

Crip. Your owne selfe, by this hand.

Bowd. You gull me not.

Crip. How, gull you!

Me thinkes a man so well reputed of,
So well commended for your qualitie
In Schooles of nimble actiuenesse,
And places where divinest Quesiters
Warble enchanting harmonie, to such
As thinke there is no heaven on earth but theirs:
And knowing your selfe to be the *Genius*
Of the spectators, and the audience hearts,
You wrong your worthy selfe intollerably,
To thinke our words fauour of flatterie.

Bowd. Sirra dogge, how didst thou like my last caper, and
turne a the toe?

Crip. Before God passing well.

Bard. I know his worship made it, tis so excellent.

Bowd. It was my yesterdays exercise.

The faire Maidē

Crip. After the working of your purgation, was it not?

Bowd. What purgation, you filthy curre?

Crip. After the purging of your braine Sir.

Bowd. Be still dogge, barke not, though by misfortune,

I was last night somewhat distempered:

I will not be vbraided; t'was no more

But to refine my wit; but tell me truly,

How dost thou like my caper?

Crip. Farre better than I can commend it.

Bowd. Now as I am a Gentleman

My Tutor was not witting of the same;

And in my opinion t'will doe excellent:

O this aire! heer's a most eloquious aire for the memorie,

I could spend the third part of my Armes in siluer,

To be encountered by some good wit or other.

Crip. What say you to your sweet heart, *Mall Berry*?

Bowd. Peace Cripple, silence, name her not, I could not
indure the carrier of her wit, for a million, shee is the onely
shee *Mercury* vnder the heauens, her wit is all spirit, that spirit
fire, that fire flies from her tongue, able to burne the radix of
the best inuention; in this Element shee is the abstract and
briefe of all the eloquence since the incarnation of *Zaïn*:
I tell thee Cripple, I had rather incounter *Hercules* with
blowes, then *Mall Berry* with words: And yet by this light
I am horribly in loue with her.

Enter Mall Berry.

Crip. See where she comes, O excellent!

Bowd. Now have I no more blood then a bull-rush.

Barn. How now; what aile you sir?

Crip. What's the matter man?

Bowd. See, see, that glorious angell doth approach.

What shall I doe?

Crip. Shee is a faint indeed; Zounds to her, court her, win
her, weare her, wed her, and bed her too.

Bowd. I would it were come to that, I win her! by heauen,
I am not furnish'd of a courting phrasē, to throw at a dogge.

Crip. Why no, but at a woman you haue; O sir, see me not
so dounish now, can you make no fustian; aske her if shalē
take.

of the Exchange.

take a pipe of Tobacco.

Bow. It will offend her judgement, pardon me.

Crip. But heare you sir? reading so much as you haue done,
Doe you not remember one pray phrase,
To scale the walles of a faire wenchs loue?

Bow. I never read any thing but *Uenus and Adonis*.

Crip. Why that's the very quintessence o loue,
If you remember but a verse or two,
Ile pawn my head, goods, lands and all twill doe.

Bow. Why then haue at her.
Fondling I say, since I haue hemd thee heere,
Within the circle of this iomy pale,
Ile be a parke.

Mal. Hands off fond sir.

Bow. And thou shalt be my deere;
Feede thou on me, and I will feede on thee,
And loue shall feede vs both.

Ma. Feede you on woodcockes, I can fast awhile?

Bow. Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede.

Crip. Take heede, shees not on horsebacke.

Bow. Why then she is alighted,
Come sit thee downe where never serpent hisses,
And being set, ile smother thee with kisises.

Ma. Why is your breath so hot? now God forbid
I should buy kisises to be smothered.

Bow. Meane you me? you gull me not?

Ma. No, no, poore *Bowdler*, thou dost gull thy selfe:
Thus must I doe to shadow the hid fire,
That in my heart doth burne with hot desire:
O I doe loue him well what ere I say,
Yer will I not my selfe selfe loue bewray,
If he be wise he'l sue with good take heede:
Bowdler, doe so, and thou art sure to speede:
I will sit hence to make his loue the stronger,
Though my affection must ly hid the longer.
What master *Bowdler*, not a word to say?

Exit.

Bow. No by my troth, if you stay heere all day.

Ma. Why then ile beare the bucklers hence away.

The faire Maide

Crip. What master *Bowdler*, haue you let her passe vnconquerd?

Bow. Why what could I doe more? I lookt vpon her with judgement, the strings of my tongue were well in tune, my embraces were in good measure, my palme of a good constitution, onely the phrase was not meouing; as for example, *Ven* her selfe with all her skill could not winne *Adonis*, with the same wordes: O heauens! was I so fond then to thinke that I could conquer *Mall Berry*? O the naturall fluence of my owne wit had beene farre better!

Goddengood-fellow.

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. God giue you the time of the day, pardon mee Gallants, I was so neare the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

Bow. A very good conceit.

Fid. And yet because I will be sure to give you a true salutation, *Cripple, quomodo uales?* Good morrow *Cripple*, good-den good Master *Barnard*, Master *Bowdler*, *Bonos noches*, as they say, good night; and thus you haue heard my manner of salutation.

Crip. You are very eloquent, sir; but *Fiddle*, what's the best newes abroad?

Fid. The best newes I know not sir, but the newest newes is most excellent yfaith.

Barn. Prethee lets heare it.

Fid. Why this it is, the Serieants are watching to arrest you at Master *Berrells* sute.

Barn. Wounds, where?

Fid. Nay, I know not where; alas sir, there is no such matter, I did but say so much, to make you warne the handle of your rapier: But M. *Bowdler*, I haue good newes for you.

Bow. Let me heare it, my sweet ruffeting.

Fid. How, ruffeting?

Bow. I my little apple Iohn.

Fid. You are a —

Bow. A what?

Fid. You are a, — O that I could speake for indigation!

Bow. Nay what am I?

Yon

of the Exchange.

Fid. You are a pippinmonger to call me Ruffetting or ap-
ple John.

Bow. Ruffetting, Ile pare your head off.

Fid. You pippinmonger, Ile cut off your legs, and make
you trauel so neare the mother earth, that every boy shall bee
high enough to steale apples out of thy basket, call me Ruf-

Crip. Nay, be friends, be friends. (setting?)

Fid. As I am a gentleman cripple, I meapt him no harme,
but the name of Ruffetting to master *Fiddle*, that many times
traveills vnder the arme in veluet, but for the most part in lea-
ther trusid with calue-skinne points, tis most vntolerable, and
not to be indured, flesh and bloud cannot beare it.

Crip. Come, come, all shall be well.

Bow. *Fiddle*, giue me thy hand, a plague on thee, thou kno-
west I loue thee.

Fid. Say you so? why then anger auoid the roome, melan-
choly march away, choler to the next chamber, and heres my
hand I am yours to command from this time foorth, your ve-
ry mortall friend, and louing enemy, master *Fiddle*.

Bow. Now tell vs, what is the newes you had for me?

Fid. O, the sweet newes, faith sir, this it is, that I was sent
to the Cripple from my young Mistris. Master Cripple you
know I haue spent some time in idle words, therefore be you
compendions, and tell me if my Mistris handkercher be done
or no.

Crip. *Fiddle* tis done, & peace it is, conend me to thy mistris

Fid. After the most humble manner I will; and so gentle-
men I commit you all: you Cripple to your shop, you sir, to
a turn-vp and dish of capers, and lastly you M. *Barnard*, to
the tuition of the Counter-keeper: ther's an Item for you,
and so fare-well.

Exit.

Crip. M. *Bowdler*, how doe you like his humour?

Bowd. By this light, I had not thought he clod had had so
nimble a spirit: but Cripple farewell, Ile to *Mal Berry*, come
Barnard along with me.

Crip. Fare well sweet Signiors both, farewell, farewell. *Exiunt.*

Enter *M. Flower* at one doore reading a letter from *Ferdinand*, at
the other *Mistris Flower*, with a Letter from *Anthony*.

M. Flow.

The faire Maide

Master Flo. The conceit is good, *Ferdinand* intreats a marriage with my daughter: good, very good: for he is a Gentleman of good carriage, a wise man, a rich man, a carefull man, and therefore worthy of my daughters loue: it shall be so.

Mistress Flo. Mary and shall, kinde Gentleman, my furtherance faist thou? Yes *Anthony*, assure thy selfe, for by the motherly care that I beare to my daughter, it hath been a desire that long hath lodgde within my carefull breast to match him with thy well-deserving selfe; and to this end hane I sent for my daughter, and chargde my servants, that presently vpon her repaire hither from her Mistresses, that shee enter this private walke; where, and with whome, I will so worke, that doubt it not, deere sonne, but shee shall be thine.

Master Flo. And I will make her ioynture of a hundred pounds by yeare: it is a very good conceit, and why? because the worthy portion betters my conceit, which being good in conceining well of the Gentlemans good parts, the profited ioynture addes to my conceit, and betters it; very good.

Mistress Flo. A thousand crowns for youto make the match prety heart, how lone can worke! by Gods blest mother, I vow she shall be thine, if I have any interest in my daughter,

Flower smiles reading the Letter, they snatch the Letter from each other.

but stay, whom haue I espied? my husband likewise reading of a Letter, and in so good an humour, ile lay my life, good Gentleman he hath also wrought with him for his good will; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my sodaine purpose shall experience it. Whats heere husband?

She reads privately, and frownes.

a Letter from master *Ferdinand*, to intreat a marriage with your daughter.

Master Flo. And here the like to you from *Anthony* to that effect, this is no good conceit, if shee bee mine, shee shall be *Ferdinand*.

Mistress Flo. If shee respect her mothers fauour, Tis *Anthony* shall be her loue.

Master Flo. How wifc?

Mistress Flo. Even so husband.

Master

of the Exchange.¹

Maister Flo. You will not cross my purpose, will you?

Mistris Flo. In this you shall not bridle me I swaere.

Maister Flo. Is she not my daughter?

Mistris Flo. You teach me husband, what your wife should
I thinke her life is dearest vnto me, (say.

Though you forget the long extremitie,

And paine which I indur'd, when forth this wombe

With much adoe she did injoy the life she now doth breathe,

And shall I now suffer her destruction?

Maister Flo. Yea but a conceit me wife.

Mistris Flo. A fygge for your conceits, in this I know there
can be none that:

Say he be his fathers eldest sonne, and a Merchant of good
Wealth, yet my deere *Anthony*'s as rich as he:

What though his portion was but small at first,

His industrie hath now increasid his talent;

And he that knoweth the getting of a penny,

Will feare to spend, she shall haue him, if any.

Maister Flo. By the Mary God wife, you vex me.

Mistris Flo. Tis your owne impatience, you may chuse.

Maister Flo. I will not wed my daughter to that *Anthony*.

Mistris Flo. By this.

Maister Flo. Hold wife, hold, I aduise thee swaere not,
For by him that made me, first I vow,

Shee shall not touch the bed of *Anthony*.

Mistris Flo. And may I never live (so God me helpe)
If euer she be wed to *Ferdinand*.

Maister Flo. The diuell's in this woman, how she thwartes
me still!

Mistris Flo. Fret on, good husband, I will haue my will.

Maister Flo. But conceit me wife, suppose we should con-
sent our daughter should wed either of them both, and shee
dislike the match, were that a good conceit?

Mistris Flo. All's one for that, I know my daughters mind
if I but say the word.

Maister Flo. I would be loath to wed her against her will,
Content thee wife, weeke heare her resolution,
And as I finde her, to her owne content

The faire Maide

To either of them she shall have my consent.

Mistress Flo. Why now old Flower speaketh like himselfe?

Maister Flo. Agreed, and faith wife tis a good conceit.

Enter *Philis*.

And see where my daughter comes; welcome girlie,
How doth your *Mistress Philis*? God blesse thee *Philis*, rise.

Phil. God hane the glory, in perfect health she is.

Maister Flo. Tis good, I am glad she doth so well;
But list my daughter, I hane golden newes
To impart vnto thee:
A golden *Golding*, wench, must be thy husband,
Is't not a good conceit?

Phil. Father, I vnderstand you not.

Maister Flo. Then, my girlie, thy conceit is very shallow,
Maister Ferdinand Golding is in loue with thee.

Mistress Flo. No daughter, tis thine *Anthony*.

Maister Flo. Ferdinand is rich, for he hath store of gold.

Mistress Flo. Anthony is rich, yet is not so old.

Maister Flo. Ferdinand is vertuous, full of modestie.

Mistress Flo. Anthony's more gracious, if more may be.

Maister Flo. Ferdinand is wise (being wifc) who would not
lone him. (him.

Mistress Flo. Anthony more wise, then Girle desire to proue

Maister Flo. In Ferdinand is all the beauty that may be.

Mistress Flo. He is deceiu'd, tis in thine *Anthony*.

Phil. Deare Parents, you confound me with your words,
I pray what meanes thefe hot persuasions?

Maister Flo. Thy good my daughter.

Mistress Flo. If but rulde by me.

Maister Flo. But for thy ill-fare.

Mistress Flo. If she tend to thee.

Maister Flo. The truth is this, that each of vs hath tane
A solemne vow, that thou my louing daughter
Shalt wed with one of those two Gentlemen:

But yet referre the choice vnto thy selfe,
One thou shalt loue, loue *Ferdinand*, if me.

Mistress Flo. If loue thy mother, loue thine *Anthony*.

Phil. In these extremes what shall become of me?

of the Exchange.

I pray you give me respite to consider
How to disgett these impositions,
You haue imposde a busines of such weight,
Pray God your daughter may discharge her selfe. (while.

Mister Flo. Thinke on't, my girle, we will withdrawe a-
Phil. A little respite fits my resolusion, *They walke.*
Those Gentles sue too late, there is another,
Of better worth, though not of halfe their wealth,
What though deform'd, his vertue mends that minnes:
What though not rich, his wit doth better gold,
And my estate shall adde vnto his wants,
I am resolu'd (good father, and deere mother,) *Philis*
Philis doth choose a Cripple, and none other;
But yet I must dissemble.

Mister Flo. How now my soules best hope! tell mee, my
Shall *Ferdinand* be he? (girle,

Phil. I pray a word in private.

Mister Flo. Marry with all my heart.

Phil. In all the duty that a childe can shew,
The loue that to a father it doth owe,
I yeeld my selfe to be at your command,
And vow to wed no man but *Ferdinand*.
But if you please, at your departure hence,
You may inforce dislike to cloude your brow,
To auoide my mothers anger and suspition.

M. Flo. Before God a very good conceit,
Hence baggage, out of my sight,
Come not within my doores, thou hadst been better,
Runne millions of miles bare-footed, then
Thus by your coy disdaine to haue deluded me.
Oh mine owne flesh and blood, the mirror of wit!
Now will I hence, and with all the speed I may
Send for my soane, ile haue it done this day. *Exit old Flo.*

Mistresse Flo. What, is he gone? and is he not a chace?
Well let him goe, I need not question why,
For well I wot his sute is cold, t'must die.
Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,
Thy mother hath more interest in thy loue,

The faire Maide

Than discontented *Flower* thy aged father.

Phil. Mother, you haue, for when I well consider
A mothers care vnto her deere bought childe,
How tenderly you nurſe and brought me vp,
I could not be so much vnnaturall.

As to refuse the loue you proffer me,
Especially being for my chiefeſt good ;
Therefore when married I intend to be,
My loyall husband shall be *Anthony*.

Miffris Fl. Live ever then my deere deere daughter *Philis*,
Let me imbrace thee in a mothers armes ;
Thus, thus, and thus ile euer hngge my daughter,
Him hence thou ſendſt with frownes, me hence with laughter,
Come *Philis*, let vs in.

Enter Miffris Flower.

Phil. Forſooth ile follow yea.
Am not I a good childe thainke you,
To play with both hands thus againſt my parents ?
Well, tis but a tricke of youth : ſay what they will,
Ile loue the Cripple, and will hate them ſtill. *Exit.*

*Enter Cripple in his ſhop, and to him enter *Frank*.*

Frank. Mirrour of kindneſſe, extremities beſt friend,
While I breathe, ſweet blood, I am thine,
Intreate me, nay coomonand thy *Frances* heart,
That wilt not ſuffer my iuſuing ſmart.

Crip. Sweet ſignior, my aduife in the reſeruation of thofe
Letters,
Which I will haue you hide from eye of day,
Never to feele the warmth of *Phabſus* beames,
Till my ſelfes care, moſt carefull of your weale,
Summon thofe lines vnto the batte of Ioy.

Frank. I will not erre, deere friend, in this command.

Cripple. So much for that, now liſten further *Frank* ;
Not yet two houres expiration,
Haue taken finall end, ſince Beauties pride,
And Natures better part of workemanſhip,

Reants.

of the Exchange.

Beauteous *Phillis* was with me consoled;
Where she mongst other pleasing conference,
Burst into termes of sweet affection,
And said, ere long she would converse with me
In priuate at my shop, whose wounded soule
Strucke with loue a golden arrow liues in dread,
Till she doe heare the sentente of my loue.
Or be condemn'd by iudgement of fell hate.
Now since that gracious opportunitie
Thus smiles on me, I will refigne the same
To you my friend, knowing my vnworthy selfe
Too soule for such a beautie, and too base
To match in brightnesse with that sacred comet,
That shines like *Phebus* in Londons Element;
From whence inferior starres derive their light:
Wherefore I will immediatly you take
My crooked habite, and in that disguise
Court her, yea win her, for she will be wonne,
This will I doe, to pleasure you my friend.

Frank. For which my loue to thee shall never end.

Crip. About it then, assume this shape of mine,
Take what I haue, for all I haue is thine?
Supply my place, to gaine thy hearts desire,
So may you quench two hearts that burne like fire:
Shee's kind to me, be she as kinde to you,
.What admiration will there then infuse?

Frank. I will leaue thee, now be thou fortunate,
That we with ioy your loues may consummate,
Farewell, farewell, when I returne againe,
I hope to finde thee in a pleasing vaine.

Exit.

Fran. Farewell deere friend, was ever known a finer policie
Now brothers, haue amongst you for a third part,
Nay, for the whole, or by my soule, ile loose all;
What though my father did bequeath his lands
To you my elder brethren, the mousables I sue for
Were none of his: and you shall runne through fire,
Before you touch one part of my desire:
Am I not like my selfe in this disguise,

The faire Maide

Crooked in shape, and crooked in my thoughts?
Then am I a Cripple right, come wench, away,
Thy absence breeds a terror to my stay.

Enter Philis.

Yonder she comes, now frame thy hands to draw,
A worser workeman never any saw.

Phil. Yea yonder sits the wonder of mine eye;
I have not been the first whom destinie
Hath thwarted thus; imperious Love,
Either withdraw the shaft that wounds my heart,
Or grant me patience to endure my smart:
Remorseless loue, had any but thy selfe
Beene pryme to my direfull passion,
How I consume and waste my selfe in loue,
They would haue beene, yea, much more pictifall:
But all availes not; demanding for my worke
Shall be a meanes to haue some conference.

Shee speaks to Frank.

Good morrow to you, is my handkercher done?

Frank. Yea Mistresse *Philis*, it is finished.

Phil. How sweetly tuncs the accent of his voyce!
Oh, do not blame me, dearest loue aline,
Though thus I doce in my affection;
I toyle, I labor, and I faine would thrine,
And thrine I may if thou wouldest give direction:
Thou art the starre whereby my courfe is led,
Begracious then, bright sunne, or I am dead.

Frank. Faire Mistresse *Philis*, such wanton toyes asteke,
Are for yong Nouices that will soone be pleaseke,
The carefull thoughts that hammer in my braine,
Bid me abandon wanton loue, tis vaine.

Phil. For me it is.

Frank. Is my vngarnished, darke, and obscure Cell,
A mansion fit for all-commanding loue?
No, if thou wile sport with loue,
And dally with that wanton amorous boy;
Hie thee vnto the odoriferous groves.

Phil. There is no groves more pleasant vnto me,

Then

of the Exchange?

Then to be still in thy societie.

Frank. There of the choicest fragrant flowers that grow
Thou maist denise sweete roseat Corronets,
And with the Nymphs that haunt the siluer stremes,
Learn to entice the affable yong wagges;
There shalt thou finde him wandring vp and downe,
Till some faire saint impale him with a crowne:
Begone I say, and doe not trouble me,
For to be short, I cannot fancey thee.

Phil. For to be short, you cannot fancey me:
Oh cruell word, more hatefull then pale death,
Oh, woud to God it woud conclude my breath.

Frank. Forbeare, forbeare, admit that I should yield:
Thinke you, your father would applaude your choice.

Phil. Doubt not thereof, or if he doe not, alls one,
So you but grant to my affection.

Crip. I am too base. Phil. My wealth shall raise thee vp.

Crip. I am deform'd. Phil. Tur, I will beare with that.

Crip. Your friends dislike brings all this out of frame.

Phil. By humble siste I will redresse the same.

Frank. Now to employ the vertue of my shap:

Faire mistresse,
If heretofore I haue remorsefesse beene,
And not esteemd your vnderfued loue,
Whereby in the glasse of your affection
I see my great vnkindnesse; forgive what's past,
And here I proffer all the humble seruice
Your hie prizde loue doth merrit at my hands,
Which I confesse is more then I vnable
Cangratific: therefore command my toyle,
My trauell, yea, my life to pleasure you.

Phil. I take thee at thy word, proud of thy seruice,
But yet no seruant shalt thou be of mine,
I will serue thee, command, and ile obey:
This doth my soule more good, yea, ten times more,
Then did thy harsh denialiall harme before,
Let vs imbrace like two united friends,
Heire loue begins, and former hatred ends.

The faire Maide

Enter Ferdinand and Anthony walking together;

Ferd. Brother Anthony, what newes from *Venice*?

Are your ships returne'd? I had rather *aside*.
Hearre newes from *Phillis*: Oh, brother *Franks*,
Thy absence makes me burne in passion.

Amb. Sir, I had letters from my factors there
Some three dayes since; but the returne of one, *aside*,
Of one poore letter, yet not answered,
Makes me starke madde: a plague vpon that Porter,
Damn'd may he be for thus deluding me.

Ferdinand spies Phillis and turns backe.
How now brother, why retire you so?

Ferd. Yonders a friend of mine acquaintance,
With whom I would gladly haue some conference,
I pray thee stay I will returne immediatly.

Go to Phillis and court her to themselves:
Amb. Of yout acquaintance, is she so good brother?
Only with you acquainted, and no other?
Faith ile trie that, take heed sir what you doe:
If you begin to court, I needs must woe, *Go to her too.*
Brother haue you done?

Ferd. But two words more at most:
You haue not then receiu'd any such letter?
Avengeance take the lazie messenger,
Brother if I live, ile quittance thee for this,

Fran. Good words, decre brother, threatened men liue long.
Amb. You haue done. *Ferd.* Yes.

Amb. Then by your leane brother,
You had one word, I must haue another. *Talks in private;*

Ferd. I knew our busynesse tends to one effect.
O that villaine *Franks*, it mads my soule
I am so wrong'd, by such a foelish Boy.

Frank. That foelish boy may chace prooue to be witty:
What, and the elder brothers fooles? Oh ti's pittie!

Amb. That villanie Porter hath deluded me,
Confusion guerdon his base villaine.

Frank. What are you cursing too? then we catch no fish:
Comes there any more, becrez two Saigts to a dish,

Ferd.

of the Exchange.

Ferd. Well, since I haue such opportunitie,
Ile trust no longer to vncertaintie.

He couers her againe in private.

Antb. At it so hard brother ? well, woe apace,
A while I am content to giue you place,

Franke. Well, to her both, both doe the best you can ;
I feare young *Franke* will prooue the happier man.

Phil. You haue your answere, trouble me no more.

Ferd. Yet this is worse then my suspence before,
For then I liu'd in hope, now hope is fled.

Antb. What, male-content ? is *Ferdinand* strooke dead,
Fortune be blithe, and aide the second brother.

Talks in private.

Frank. Thinke you to haue more fauour then an other ?
To her a Gods name, liue not in suspence,
While you two striue, I needs must get the wench.

Phil. I am resolu'd, and, sir you know my minde.

Frank. What, you repulst too ? *Philippa* is too vnkinde.

Phil. Here sits my Loue, within whose louely brest
Liues my content, and all my pleasures rest,
And for a further confirmation,
Whiche to approoue, even in sight of both you here present,
I giue my hand, and with my hand, my heart,
My selfe, and all to him ; and with this ring
Ile wed my selfe.

Frank. I take thy offering,
And for the gift you gaue to me, take this,
And let vs seale affection with a kisse.

Ferd. Oh sight intollerable.

Antb. A spectacle worse then death.

Frank. Now Gentlemen, please you draw neere and listen
to the Cripple.

Give them the letters and they stamp and storne.
Know you that letter ? sir, what say you to this ?

Bob. How came they to your hands ?

Frank. Sirs, a Porter euen of late left them with me,
To be deliuered to this Gentlewoman.

Antb. A plague vpon that Porter ; if ere I meete him,

The faire Maide

My rapiers point with a deaths wound shall greet him. *Exit.*

Ferd. Franke thou art a villaine, thou shalt know't ere long,
For proffering me such vndeferred wrong. *Exit.*

Frank. So, vomit forth the rheume of all your spight,
These threats of yours procure me more delight.

Phil. Now gentle loue, all that I hane to say,
Is to entreat you seeke without delay,
My fathers kinde consent, for thou hast mine,
And though he storme yet will I still be thine ;
Make triall then, tis but thy labour lost,
Though he denie thee, it requires no cost.

Frank. I will assayle with expedition.

Phil. God, and good fortune go with thee, farewell. *Exit.*

Frank. Well, I will goe, but not in this disguise ;
Arme thee with policie *Franks, Franks* must be wise :
Now would the substance of this borrowed shape
Were here in presence, and see where he comes.

Ester the Cripple.

Poore in the well fram'd limbes of nature, but
Rich in kindnesse beyond comparison.
Welcome deere friend, the kindest soule alive,
Here I resigne thy habite backe againe,
Whereby I prooue the happiest man that breathes.

Crip. Haft thou then, sweet blood, beene fortunate ?

Frank. Hearke, I will tell thee all. *Whisper in private.*
Ester Bowdler, Mall Berry, and Ralfe, Bowdler capers and sings.

Ralfe. Faith sir, me thinkes of late you are very light.

Bowd. As a feather, sweet Rogue, as a feather :
Haue I not good cause, sweet *Mall*, sweet *Mall*,
Hath she not causde the same : well, if I liue, sweet wench,
Either by night or day I will requite your kindnesse.

Franks. Now I will take my leane, to put the same in
practise. *Exit Franks.*

Crip. Good fortune waite on thee.

Bowd. *Mall*, thou art mine, by thine owne consent ;
How faist thou *Mall* ?

Mall. Yes forsooth.

Ralfe. I am witnessse sir.

Bowd.

of the Exchange.

Bowd. But that is not sufficient *Mall*, if thou art content
Mall, heer's a Rogue hard by, a friend of mine, whom I will
acquaint with our loues, and bee shall bee partaker of the
match.

Ralfe. Nay sir, if you meane to haue partners in the match,
I hope *Ralfe* can helpe to serue your wiues turne as well as an-
other, what ere he be. How say you Mistresse?

Mall. Alls one to me, whom he please.

Bowd. Come then sweet *Mall*, weeke to the Drawer,
There to dispatch what I further intend.

Mall. And well remembred husband.

Ralfe. A forward maiden by this light; husband before
the Clarke hath said Amen.

Mall. He hath worke of mine, I pray forget it not.

Bowd. I will not *Mall*. Now you lame Rogue, where is
this maidens worke? my wiues worke you rascall, quicke, giue
it her?

Crip. Sweet Seignior, the sweet Nymphes worke is almost
finished, but sweete blood, you drive me into admiration
with your latter words, your sweet wiues worke, I admire it I

Bowd. I yee halting Rascall, my wiues worke; shee's my
Wife before God and *Ralfe*, how saist thou *Mall*, art thou not?

Mall. Yes forsooth, and to confirme the same,
Heere in this presence, I plight my faith againe;
And speake againe, what erit before was said,
That none but you shall haue my maiden-head.

Bowd. A good wench *Mall*, ifaith, now will I to thy fa-
ther for his good will, Cripple, see you remember what is past,
for I will call thee in question for a witnesse if neede require,
farewell curte, farewell dogge. *Exit. Bowdler and Ralfe.*

Crip. Adue fond humorist, Parenthesis of iests,
Whole humour like a needless Cypher fils a reome:
But now *Mall Berry*, a word or two with you:
Hast thou forgotten *Barnet*? thy thoughts were bent with him.

Mall. On him Cripple! for what? was it for marriage?

Crip. It was for loue, why not for marriage? O monstrous!
Were I a maide and should be so bewitch'd,
I de pull my eyes out that did lend me light,

The faire Maide

Exclame against my fortune, banne my starres,
And teare my heart, so yeilding her consent
To *Bowdler* loue, that froth of complement.

Mal. Cripple, you lose your time, with your faire teares
To circumuent my heart : *Bowdler* I loue thee,
Barnard I hate, and thou shalt never mooue me.

Crip. I will ; thou doft loue *Barnard*, and I can prooue it.

Mal. That I loue *Barnard* ! by heauens I abhorre him.

Crip. Thou louſt him, once againe I say, thou louſt him,
For all thou haſt borne *Bowdler* ſtill in hand.

Mal. What wilt thou make me mad ? I say, I hate him.

Crip. I say thou louſt him : haue not I beene at home,
And heard thee in thy chamber praise his person,
And ſay he is a proper little man,
And pray that he would be a futer to thee ?
Haue I not ſeen thee in the Bay-window
To ſit crosse-armde, take counſell of thy glaffe,
And prune thy ſelfe to please yong *Barnards* eye ?
Sometimes curling thy haire, then praſiſing ſmiles,
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter-teeth,
Then pull the haireſ from off thy beetle-browes.
Painting the veines vpon thy breasts with blew,
An hundred other trickes I ſaw thee vſe,
And all for *Barnard*.

Mal. For *Barnard* ! twas for *Bowdler*.

Crip. I ſay, for *Barnard*.

Nay more, thou knowſt I lay one night at home,
And in thy ſleepe I heard thee call on *Barnard*.
Twentie times ouer.

Mal. Will you be ſworne I did.

Crip. I, I will ſwear it :

And art thou not aſhamde thus to be changde,
To leaue the loue of a kinde Gentleman
To dote on *Bowdler* ? Fie, fie, re-claime thy ſelfe :
Imbrace thy *Barnard* take him for thy husband,
And ſave his credite, who is elſe vndone,
By thy hard fathers hatefull ciueltie.

Mal. Cripple, If thou canſt prooue that euer I

Did

of the Exchange.

Did fancie *Barnard*, I will loue him still.

Crip. Why ile be sworne thou did.

Mal. And that I deated on him in my sleepe.

Crip. Ile be sworne I could not sleepe all night
In the next roome, thou didst so rause on him.

Mal. I cannot tell, I may well be deceiv'd,
I thinke I might affe& him in my sleepe,
And yet not knowit; let me looke on him,
Yfaith he is a pretty hanosome fellow,
Tis pitty he should waste himselfe in prison;
Hey ho.

Crip. Whats the matter wench?

Mal. Cripple, I will loue him.

Crip. Wilt thou yfaith?

Mal. Yfaith I will.

Enter two Sericants

Crip. Give me thy hand, a bargaine,tis enough.

Mal. But how shall he know I loue him?

Crip. Why thus: I will intreate the Sericants
To goe with him along vnto thy father,
And by the way ile send yong *Bowdler* from vs,
And then acquaint my *Barnard* with thy loue,
He shall accept it and auouch the same.
Vnto thy father,wench do thou the like,
And then I hope his bonds are cancelled.

Barn. Cripple, shall we haue your company?

Crip. My friends, hold here, theres mony for your paines,
Walke with your prisoner but to maister *Berry*,
And ye shall either finde sufficient baile,
Or else discharge the debt, or I assure you
Weele be your ayde to guarde him safe to prison.

1. *Sericant.* Well,we are willing sir,we are content
To shew the Gentleman any kind of fauour.

Crip. Along then, heareke master *Bowdler*. *Exeunt.*

* *Enter Master Flower, Missis Flower, Maister Berry,
and Fiddle.*

Master. Flo. Welcome good maister *Berry*,is your stomach
vp sir? It is a good conceit yfaith.

The faire Maide

Fiddle. It is indeede sir,

Maister Flo. What, *Fiddle*!

Fid. If his stomacke be vp to goe to dinner.

Maister Flo. *Fiddle*, bid Maister *Berry* welcome.

Fid. What else Maister? with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest straine in my musicke, and the worst entertainment that may be, *Fiddle* bids your worship *ad sdum |*.

Berry. Thankes *Fiddle*, and Maister *Flower*, I am much beholding to your curteisie.

Mistris Flo. *Fiddle*, I wonder that he staies so long,
Thou toldst me *Anthony* would follow thee.

Fid. I, and heele be heere I warrant you.

Maister Flo. Ile tell you sir, it is a rare conceir,
My wife would haue her marry *Anthony*,
The yonger brother, but against her minde,
I will contract her vnto *Ferdinand*,
And I haue sent for you and other friends,
To witnes it; and tis a good conceit.

Mistris Flo. *Fiddle*, are all things ordred well within?

Fid. Alls well, alls well, but there wants some saffron,
To colour the custards withall.

Mistris Flo. Heere, take my keyes, bid *Susan* take enough.

Maister Flo. *Fiddle*, are all our guests come yet?

Fid. I sir, and here comes one more than you looke for.

Enter Franks.

Exit.

Franks. Godlanc you Maister *Flower*, as much to you Maister *Berry*.

Maister Flo. Welcome M. *Golding*, yare very welcome sir.

Franks. My brother *Ferdinand* commends him to you,
And heer's a letter to you from himselfe.

Maister Flo. A letter sir, it is a good conceir,
Ile reade it strait.

Gives the other Letter to Mistris Flower.

Maister Flower. I am beholding to you for your kindnesse,
and your furtherance in my loue-suite, but my minde is chan-

ged, and I will not warry your daughter, and so farewell.

This is no good conceit: what *Ferdinand*,

Deuide old *Flower*, make me deceiue my friends,

Make

of the Exchange.

Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will,
What thinke you Fiddle?

Fid. Why sir I thinke it is no good conceit.

Master Flo. Thou faist true Fiddle, tis a bad conceit.
But heare you sir, *Mistris Flower reads her Letter.*

I understand by Fiddle your forwardnesse in my sute to your
daughter : but nevertheles I am determined to drawe backe,
and commit your daughter to her best fortunes, and your selfe
to God; Farewell.

Why this is like my husbands bad conceit,
Haue you ore-reachd me Flower, you crafty fox?
This is your doing, but for all your sleight
He crostie you if my purpose hit aright.

Fra. Tur, tell not me sir, for my credite and reputation is as
it is, and theres an end : if I shall haue her, why so.

Master Flo. Sir, the conceit is doubtfull, give me leaue but
to consider of it by my selfe.

Fran. With all my heart,

Mistris Flo. Master Golding, a word I pray sir,
You know my daughter *Phillis*, doe you not?

Fran. Mistris, I doe.

Mistris Flo. She is a starre I tell you.

Frank. She is no lesse indeede.

Mistris Flo. I tell you sir vpon the sodaine now,
There came an odde conceit into my head,
Are you a batcheller?

Fran. I am indeede.

Mistris Flo. And are not you promised?

Frank. Not yet beleue me.

Master Flo. Master Golding.

Mistris Flo. Well, do you heare sir? if you will be please
To wed my daughter *Phillis*, you shall haue her.

Fran. To wed your daughter, why she loues me not.

Mistris Flo. Alls one for that, she will be rulde by me:

Disdaine her not because I proffer her,
I tell you sir, Merchants of great accoune
Haue sought her loue, and Gentlemen of worth,
Haue humbly sued to me in that behalfe.

To

The faire Maide

To say the truth, I promise her to one,
But I am crosse and thwarted by my husband,
Who meanes to marry her vnto another:
Now sir, to cry but quittance for his guile,
I offer her to you; if you accept her,
Ile make her dowrie richer by a paire
Of hundred pounds than else it shold haue beeene.

Frank. Why this is excellent, past all compare,
Sued to, to haue her gentle mistris *Flower*,
Let me consider of it.

Mistris Fl. Nay, nay, deferre no time if you will haue her,
Ile search my coffers for another hundred.

Frank. Say I should yeeld, your husband will withstand it.
Mistris Fl. Ile haue it closely done without his knowledge;
Is it a match?

Frank. Well, well, I am content.
Mist. Fl. Why then old *Flower*, ile crosse your close content.
Master Fl. It shall be so; and tis a good conceit.
It shall be so if but to crosse thy wife,
Hearke master *Golding*, the conceit doth like me.
You long my daughter, so me thought you said;
You said moreover, that she loues me well,
This loue on both sides is a good conceit.
But are you sure sir, that my daughter loues you?

Frank. For proof thereof shew her this ring.
Master Fl. A ring of hers! tis well.

Frank. I but conceit mee,
If I had wood her in my proper shape,
I doe beleue she never would haue likde me,
Therefore since I shall haue her, giue me leaue
To come and court her in my borrowed shape.

Mist. Fl. With all my heart, and tis a good conceit,
And heeres my hand, sonne *Golding*, thou shalt haue her.

Frank. Then father *Flower*, I rest vpon your promise,
Ile leaue you for a while, till I put on
My counterfeited shape, and returne. Exit.

Master Fl. Welcome good sonne, tis well, by this conceit
My wife will be preuented of her will:

I would

of the Exchange.

I would not for the halfe of my wealth,
My croſſe-word wife had conſaide her intent :
Now wife.

Miftris Flo. Now husband.

Maifter Flo. You ſtill maintaine the ſute for *Anthony*,
Youle haue your will, and I muſt breake my word.

Mift. Flo. Ieafe on old *Flower*, be croſſe, and do thy worſt,
Worke the beſt meaneſes thou canſt, yet whiles I liue
I ſwearē ſhe neuer ſhall wed *Ferdinand*.

Maifter Flo. What ſhall ſhe not ?

Miftris Flo. No that ſhe ſhall not.

Maifter Flo. I ſay, ſhe ſhall.

Miftris Flo. Yfaith ſhe ſhall not.

Maifter Flo. No ?

Miftris Flo. No.

Maifter Flo. Well wife, I am vext, and by Gods preciouſe.

Maifter Berry. O fir, be patient gentle Miftris *Flower*,
Croſſe not your husband, let him haue his will.

Miftris Flo. His will !

(humor,

Maifter Flo. Hearſt thou wife, be quiet, thou knoweft my
Thus to be croſſe, it is no good conceit.

Miftris Flo. A ſig for your conceit ; yet for becauſe,
I know I ſhall preuent him of the match,
That he intends, henceforth I will diſemble.
Well Maifter *Flower*, becauſe it muſt be ſaiſde,
And for kinde Maifter *Berry* may report
The humble loyaltie I beare to you,
Such as a wife ſhould doe vnto her husband.
I am content to yeeld to your deſires,
Protesting, whiles I liue, I never more
Will ſpeakē that *Anthony* may marry her.

Maifter Flo. Wife, ſpeakſt thou with thy heart ?

Miftris Flo. Husband, I doe.

Maifter Flo. Dooſt thou iudeeſe ?

Miftris Flo. Indeede forſooth I doe.

Maifter Flo. Then tis a good conceit : ha, ha ;
I ſee tis ſometimes good to looke aloft,
Come hither wife, becauſe thou art ſo humble,

The faire Maide

Ile tell thee all, I have receiu'd a letter
From *Ferdinand*, wherein he sends me word,
He will not marry with my daughter *Phillis*,
And therefore I was full determined
To cross thy purpose, that his brother *Franks*
Should marry her, and so I still intend :
What saist thou wife, dost thou assent thereto ?

Mist. Flo. That *Franks* should marry her, I haue sworne ha-
And since this falles so right, ile not disclose, (Quall,
That I did meane so much ; but now I le yeeld,
That it may seeme my true humilitie :
Husband, because heereafter you may say,
And thinke me louing, loyall, and submiss,
I am content, *Franks* shall haue my consent.

Maister Flo. Why now thou shew'st thy selfe obedient,
And thou dost please me with thy good conceit.

Enter Barnard, Mall, and two Serieants.

Barn. By your leaue Maister Flower,
Berry I am arrested at your sute.

Berry. And I am glad of it with all my heart :
Hold friends, there's somewhat more for you to drinke,
Away with him to prison.

Barn. Stay Maister Berry, I haue brought you baile.

Berry. What baile? where is your baile? here's none I know.
Will bee thy baile, away with him to prison.

Mall. Yes, I forsooth father, ile be his baile,
Body for body ; thiske you ile stay at home,
And see my husband carried to the Iaile ?

Berry. How, thy husband ?

Mal. My husband I assure you,
Father, these Serieants both can witnes it.

1. *Ser.* We saw them both contracted man and wife,
And therefore thought it fit to give you knowledge,
Before we carried him vnto the prison.

Berry. But ile vndoe this contract, on my blessing.
Daughter, come from him, hee's a reprobate.

Mall. He is my husband.

Berry. But thou shalt not haue him.

of the Exchange.

Mall. Faith but I will, *Barnard*, speake for thy selfe.

Barn. Why *M. Berry*, tis well knowne to you,
I am a Gentleman, though by misfortune,
My ventures in the world haue somewhat failde me :
Say that my wealth disabiles my desert,
The difference of our blood supplies that want ?
What though my lands be morgagde, if you please,
The dowrie you intend to give your daughter,
May well redeeme them. You perhaps imagine
I will be wilde, but I intend it not.

What shal I say ? if you will give consent,
As you redeeme my lands, so I my tyme ill spent
Meane to redeeme with frugall industry
Ile be your councells pupill, and submit
My follies to your will, mine to your wit.

Berry. What thinke you Maister *Flower* ?

Maister Flo. Faith Maister *Berry*,
Barnard speakes well, and with a good conceit.

Mall. Doest thou loue him *Mall* ?

Mall. Yes sir, and heere protest,
Of all in *London* I loue *Barnard* best.

Maister Flo. Then Maister *Berry*, follow my conceit,
Cancell his bond, and let him haue your daughter.

Berry. Well *Barnard*, since I see my daughter loues thee,
And for I hope thou wilt be kinde and louing,
Regard thy state, and turne an honest man,
Heere, take my daughter, ile give thee in thy bond,
Redeeme thy lands, and if thou please me well,
Thou shalt not want, all that I haue is thine.

Barn. I am loue-bound to her, to you in dory,
You conquer me with kindnesse, she with beauty.

1. Ser. Then Maister *Berry* I thinke we may depart.

Berry. I, when you please, you see the matter ended,
The debt dischargde, and I can aske no more.

1. Ser. Why then we take our leavves. *Exeunt Servantes.*

Ma. Flo. Now wife, if yong *Franky Golding* were come back,
To summe our wish, it were a good conceit : *Enter Phi.*
Why how now *Phillis*, dad ? come tell me wench,

The faire Maide

Art thou resolu'd yet far to hane thy husband?

Phil. A golden Golding, tis a good conceit.
That golden Golding is but loathsome droffe,
Nor is it golde that I so much esteeme ;
Dust is the richest treasure that we haue,
Nor is the beauty of the fairest one,
Of higher price or valem unto me.
Than is a lumpe of poore deformity.

Father, you know my minde, and what I saide,
Which if you graunt not, I will rest a maide.

Enter Fid.

Maister Flo. To die a maide, that is no good conceit.

Fid. Maister, where's my maister? hecre's one would couple
a brace of words with you.

Maister Flo. With me sir?

Fid. No sir, with my yong Mistris.

Mistris Flo. What is he knaue?

Fid. A crooked knaue sir, tis the Cripple.

Maist. Flo. What would he haue? he hath no good conceit,
Tis he that hath bewitcht my daugheers heart,
He is a knane, goe send him packing hence.

Phil. As you respect the welfare of your childe,
Deere father, let me speake with him.

Maister Flo. Speake with him! no, it is no good conceit,
I know he comes to runne away with thee.

Fid. Runne away with her? well may shee carry him, but
if he runne away with her, ile never trust crutch more.

Maister Flo. Thou saist true *Fiddis*, tis a good conceit :
Go call him in, *Franky Golding*, it is he. *Exit Fid.*
In the lame knaues disguise, a good conceit ; *Enter Franky*.
Now sir, what's the newes with you, you come to speake with
my daughter?

Franky. Yea sir, about a little worke I haue of hers.

Maister Flo. What worke, you knaue? no, thou haft some
conceit, to robbe me of my daughter; but away!
I like not that conceit, out of my doores.

Phil. Vnhappy *Philis*, and vnfourtunate.

Fran. Sir, I am content, ile not move your patience.

Phil. Life of my lising body, if thou goe,

Thought.

of the Exchange.

Though not alive take me hence dead with woe. *she faints*

Berry. In troth sir, you are too blame.

Master Flow. What? is she dead? it is no good conceit.

Speake to me *Phillis.* O vnhappy time,

Sweete Girle, deere daughter, O my onely ioy.

Speake to thy father wench, in some conceit,

What, not a word?

Berry. Now may you see, what fell impatience
Begets vpon such tender plants as these.

Mistress Flow. Now may you see the folly of old age,
Gouern'd by spleene, and ouerweening rage.

Master Flow. Speake to me, daughter.
And thou shalt haue, what not? couet'st thou Gold?
Thou shalt not want for crownes, thou shalt haue all;
O was my furie author of thy trance?
Did I deny thy loues access to thee?
Speake but one word and thou shalt be his wife,
By heauen thou shalt.

Phil. I take you at your word, it is no paine
To die for loue, and then reviue againe.

Berry. Now *M. Flower*, how like you this conceit,
Hath she not ouerreacht you?

M. Flow. My word is past, and yet for all my rage,
I rather choose to faile in my conceit,
And wed thee *Phillis* to thy owne content.
Heere, take my daughter, Cripple, loue her well,
Be kinde to her, and ile be kinde to thee,
Thou art but poore, well I will make thee rich,
And so God blesse you, with a good conceit.

Frank. I thanke you, when I leane to loue my wife,
Heauen haftten death, and take away my life.

M. Flow. Tis well done *Franky*, I applaude thy wit,
And I know I faile not in conceit.

Enter Cripple, Ferdinand, Anthony, Bowdler.

Crip. Gentlemen sweet bloods, or brethren of familiarity,
I would speake with *Phillis*, shall I haue audience?

The faire Maide

Phil. Help me deare father, O help me Gentlemen,
This is some spirit, drive him from my sight.

Frank. Were he the devill, thou shalt not budge a foote.

Bond. Sounds two Criples, two dogs, two curtes, tis won-

Frank. Feare not deare heart. (desfull)

Phil. Hence foule deformitie.

Nor thou, nor he, shall my companion be,
If Criples dead, the liuing seeme to haunt,
Ile neither of either, therefore I say auant,
Help me, father.

Frank. Deere heart, reuoke these words,
Here are no spirits nor deformities,
I am a counterfeit Cripple now no more,
But young *Franky Golding* as I was before:
Amaze not loue, nor seeme not discontent,
Nor thee, nor him shall ever this repeat.

Ferd. M. Flower. I come to claime your promise.

Amb. I come for yours, your daughter I doe meane.

M. Flow. My promise? why sir, you refuside my promise,
And sent me word so in your letter.

Mistris Flow. And so did you to me, and now tis past,
Your brother *Franky* hath both our-sides consents.

Ferd. Sir, sir, I wrote no letter.

Amb. By heaven, nor I.

Frank. But I did for you both; I was your Scribe,
The whilst you went to see your house a fire:
And you (as I remember) I did send,
To see your sister drown'd at London-Bridge.

Ferd. Yfaith good brother haue you gre-reach'd vs so?

Amb. So cunningly, that none of vs could know,

Ferd. For all this cunning, I will breake the match.

Amb. And so will I.

Frank. Why brothers, shee's mine by her fath'r's gift.

Ferd. Brother you lie, you got her with a shift.

Frank. I was the first that lou'd her.

Ferd. That's not so, t'was I.

Amb. Catch that catch can, then brothers both you lie.

M. Flow. Yea, but conceit me Gentlemen, what doe you
meane

of the Exchange.

meane to spoile my daughter? you claime her, and I haue giuen her your yonger brother; this is no good conceit: why how now *Philis*, still drooping, cheare thee my girle, see a companie of Gentlemen are at strife for thy loue; looke vp, and in this faire assembly make thine owne choise; chooſe where thou wilt, and vſe thine owne conceit.

Phil. But will my father then applaud my choiſe?

M. Flo. I will.

Phil. And will these worthy Gentlemen be pleaseſe,
How euer my diſlike or liking prooue?

All. We will.

Phil. I must confeſſe you all haue taken paines,
And I can giue but all for that paines taken,
And all my all, is but a little loue,
And of a hitle who can make diuision?
I would I knew what would contente you all.

Ferd. Thy loue.

Ambo. Thy life and loue.

Frank. Thy life, thy loue, thy ſelfe, and all for me,
Por if I want but one, I then want thee.

Phil. If then I giue what either of you crue,
Though not what you deſire, will it ſuffice?

Ferd. I wiſh but loue.

Phil. And as a friend you haue it.

Ambo. I life, and loue.

I do now.

Phil. And as your friend, I vowe, to loue you whilſt I liue, as
Frank. I aske but all, for I deserue no more.

Phil. And thou ſhalt haue thy wiſh, take all my ſtore,
My loue, my ſelfe.

Fran. By heauen, I aske no more:
Brothers, haue done, and Dad, to end all ſtrife,
Come take her hand and giue her for my wife.

M. Flo. With all my heart, and tis a good conceit.

Bord. Gentlemen, patience is your faireſt play.

Ferd. Impatienece pulſe me hence, for this diſdaine,
I am reſoln'd neuer to loue againe.

Exit.

Ambo. Stay brother *Ferdinand*, ile follow thee,
Tarewell all loue, tis full of treacherie.

Exit.

Bord.

The faire Maide

Baw. By heauens *Paris* I doe commend thy wit,
Come *Mal*, shall thou and I aske blesising too for company?

Mal. You and I sir, alas, we are not play-fellowes, though
we be turtles: I am prouided.

Baw. Prouided? why am not I thy *Messalena*?
Mal. I sir, but this is my *Paris*, I am resolu'd,
And what I doe is by authoritie.

Baw. It is even so, is *Helen* stroine by *Paris*?
Then thus in armes will *Messalena* mourne,
Till *Troy* be sack'd, and *Hellenes* returne.

Enter M.Wood. and Officers.

Wood. This is the man, officers attache him vpon felonie.
Officer. M. *Flower*, I arrest you vpon felonie, and charge
you to obey.

M.Flower. Arrest me vpon felonie! at whose suit?
Wood. Sir, at mine; where had you that *Diamond* on your
finger? it was stolne from me, and many other leuels, to the va-
lue of a hundred pownd.

M.Flower. This is no good conceit; hath Captaine *Rache*,
Banded old *Flower* to such an exigeant?
I hope my credit somewhat will affit me;
Well, whither must I goe?

Wood. Straight to the bench, where now the Judges are
To give you speedy tryall.

M.Flower. Words here are little worth, wife and friends all
Goe with me to my tryall, you shall see
A good conceit now brought to infamie: *Exeunt.*

A more point omission.

FINIS.

